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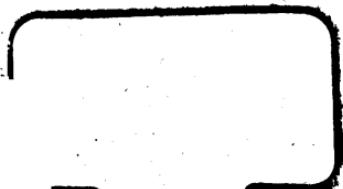
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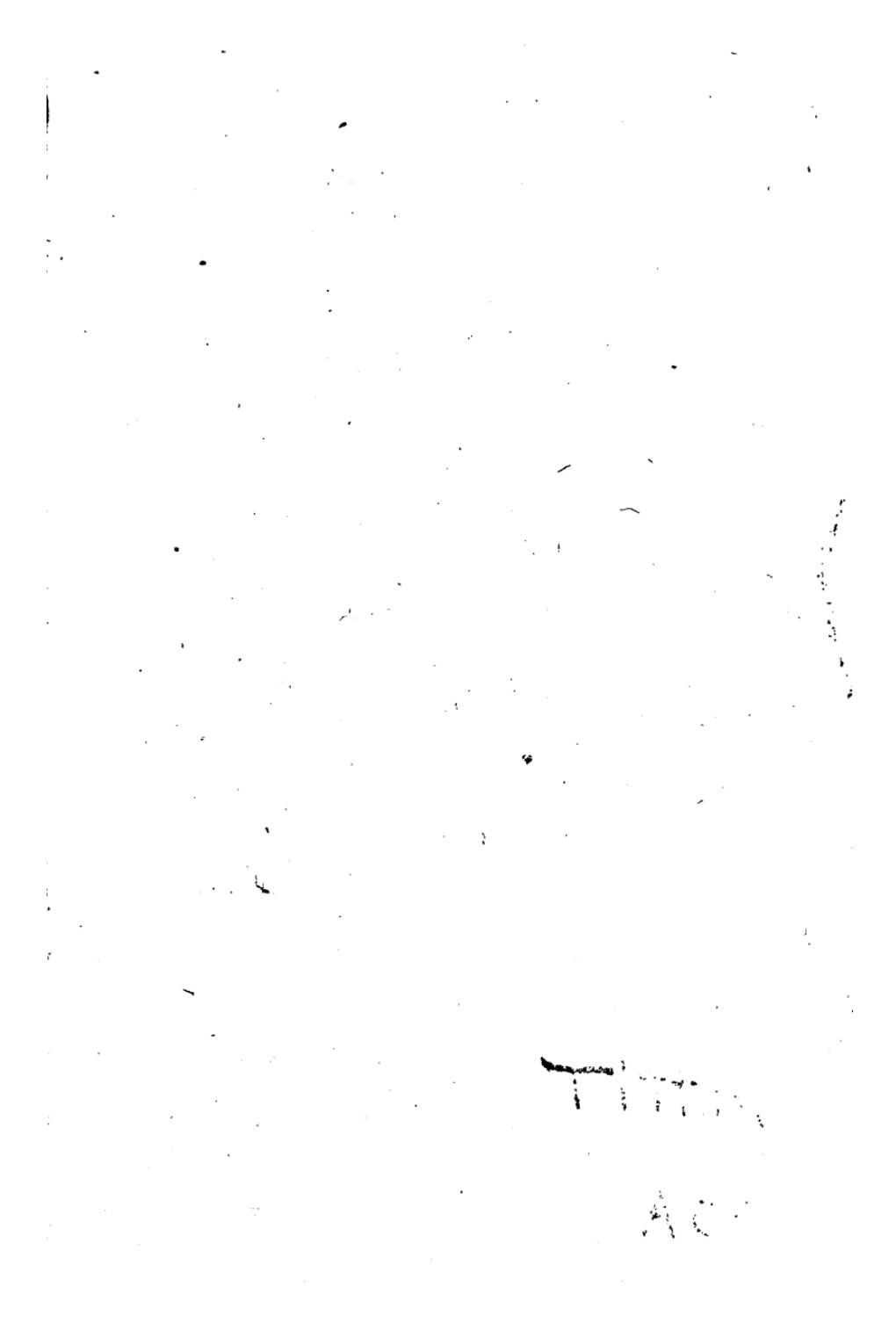
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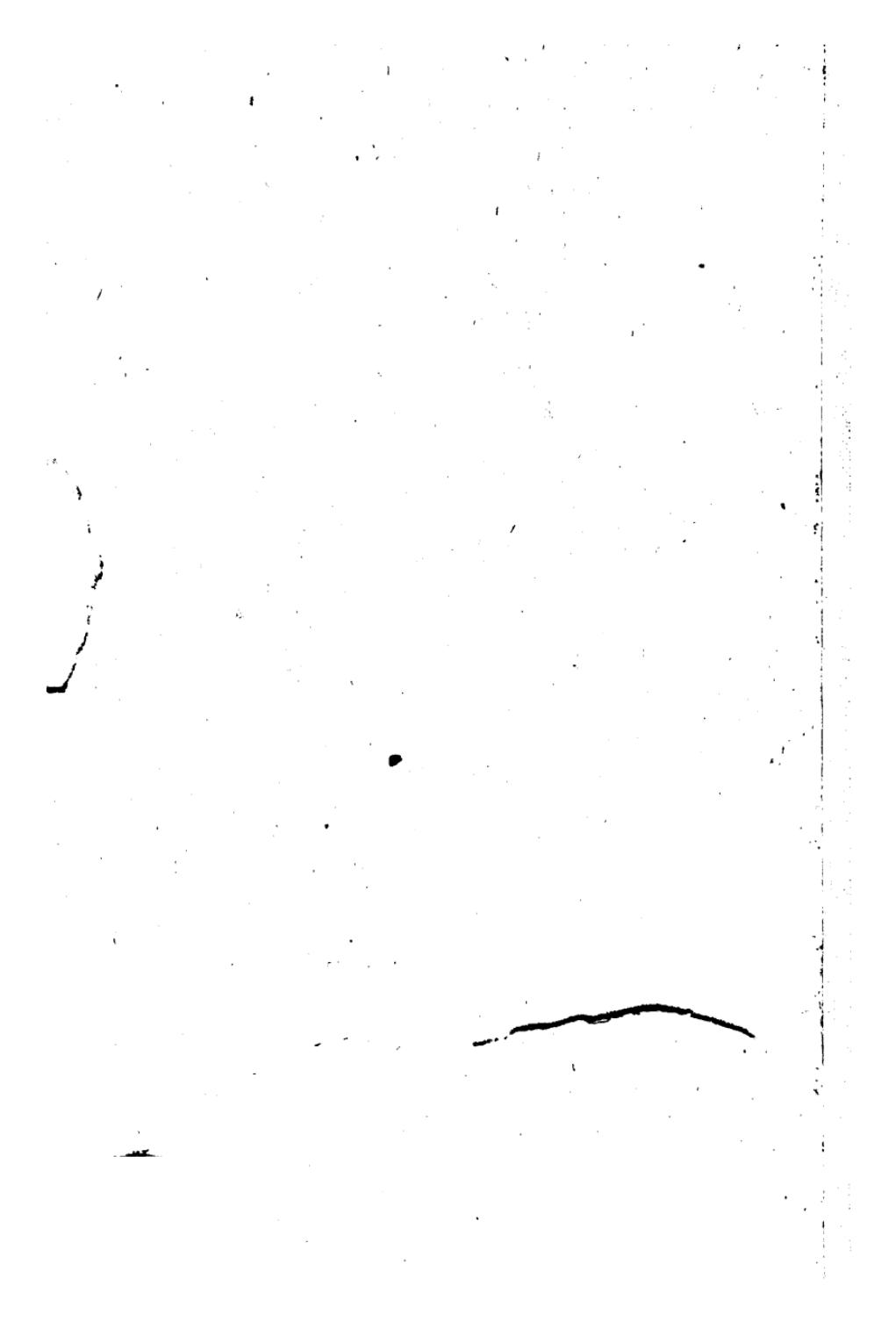
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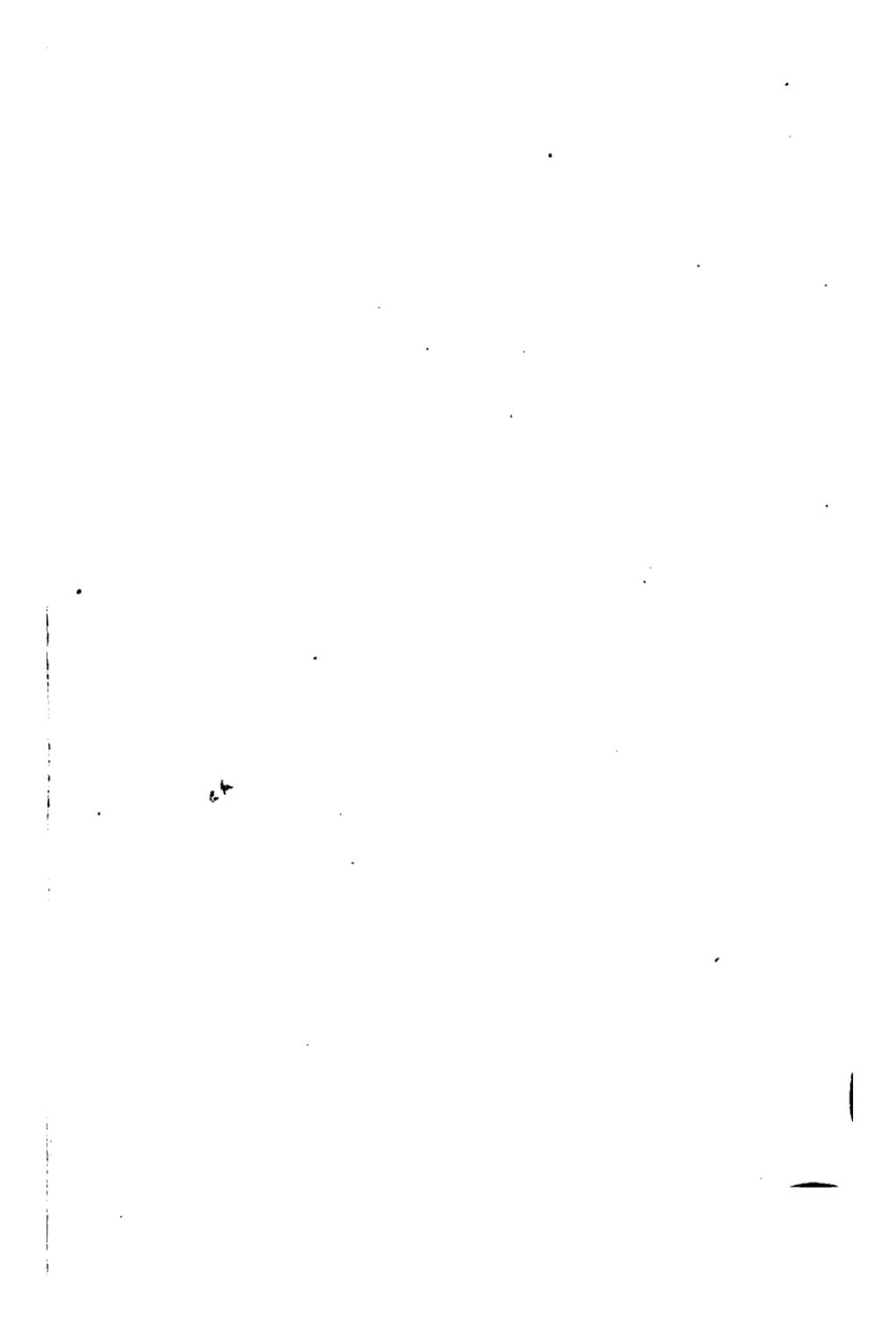
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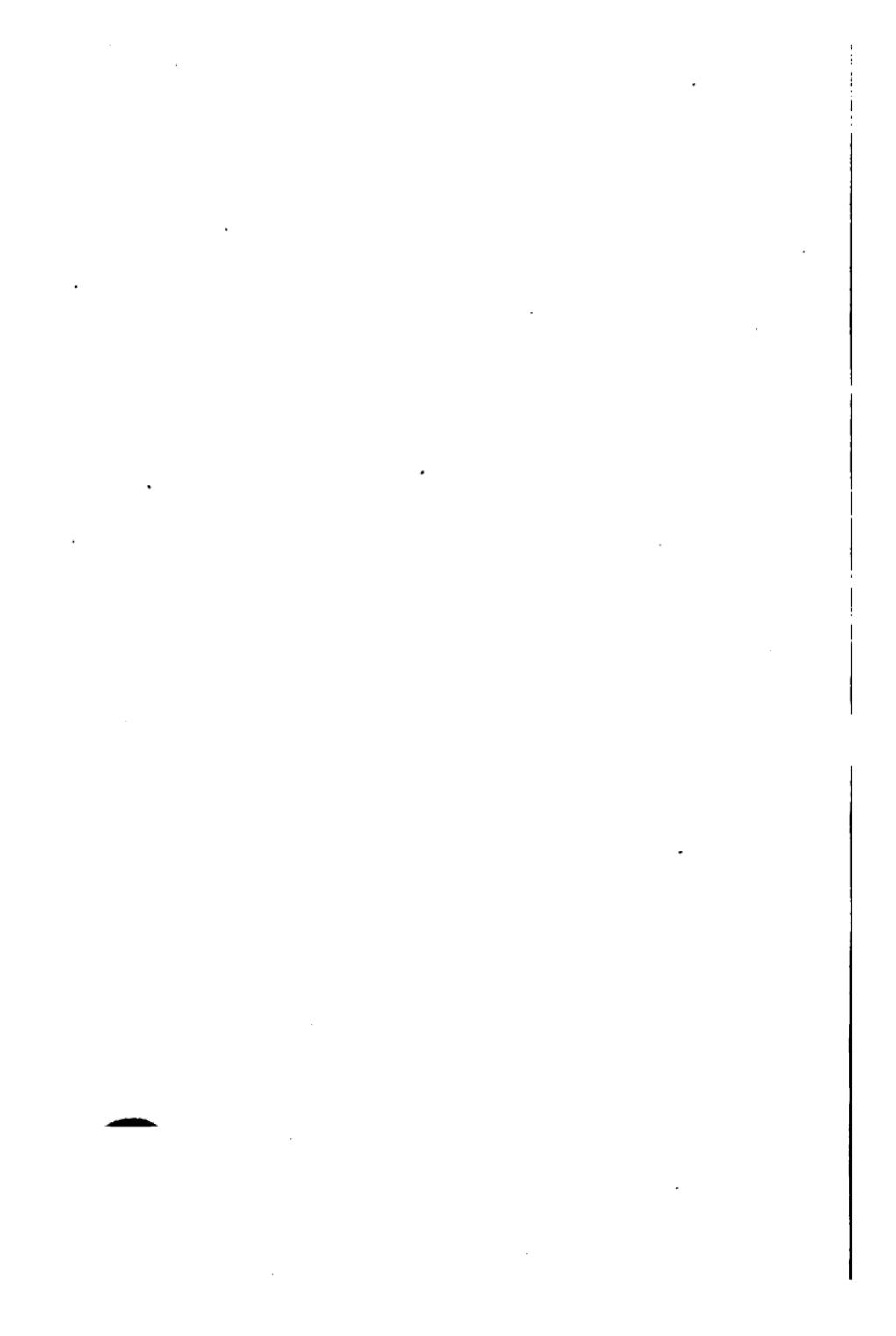
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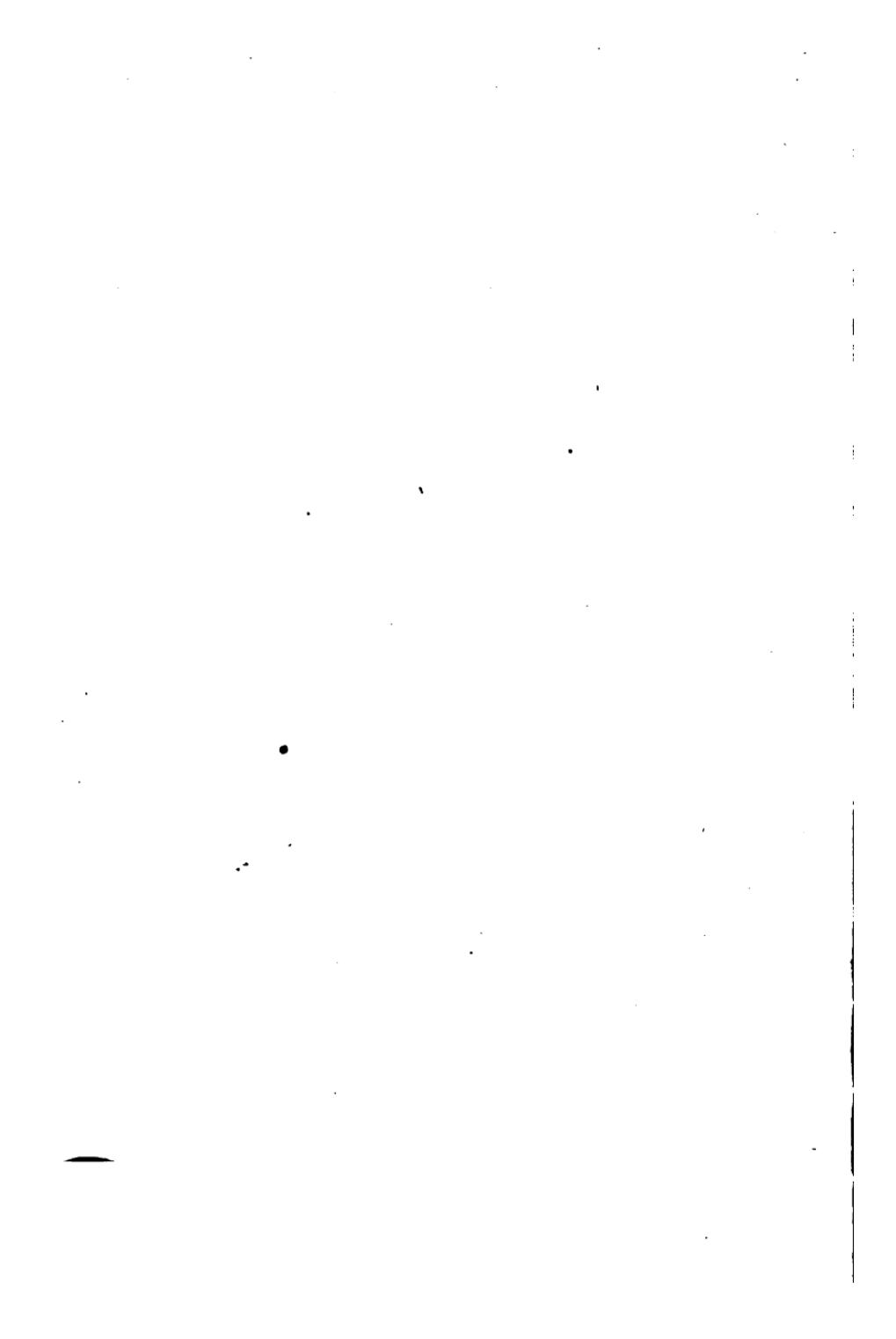
GOSSIP

ABOUT

PORTRAITS.

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GOSSIP

ABOUT

PORTRAITS.

PRINCIPALLY ENGRAVED PORTRAITS.

NEW YORK

BY

MOLINE

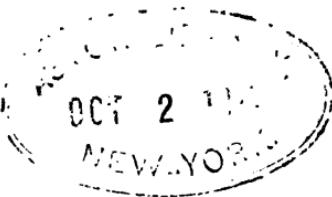
WALTER F. TEFFIN

LONDON :

H. G. BOHN, 4 & 5, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1866.

P



WILLIAM H. DAVIS
COLLECTOR
PHOTOGRAPHER

P R E F A C E.

IN the following pages I have endeavoured simply to suggest the consideration of several matters connected with the formation of a Collection of Portraits, without any attempt or wish to exhaust the subject, but with a desire to amuse as well as to interest the reader by the introduction of a variety of biographical, anecdotal, and literary illustrations.

My object has been principally to advocate the collecting of Engraved Portraits, and to indicate several interesting facts connected with this special and lately neglected pursuit.

These pages will be found deficient in the arrangement and condensation necessary to an Essay : they want the completeness required for a History : and I only mention that they are not intended for a Guide, because it happens that they are published at about the time of the opening of the National Portrait Exhibition ; with which however they are in

nowise connected, except in so far as the Exhibition suggested the publication of the book.

I can claim for them no higher title than "Gossip," and as such they are offered, as little more than a 'compilation,' to those who take an interest in Portraits.

W. F. T.

Salisbury, April, 1866.

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GOSSIP ABOUT PORTRAITS.

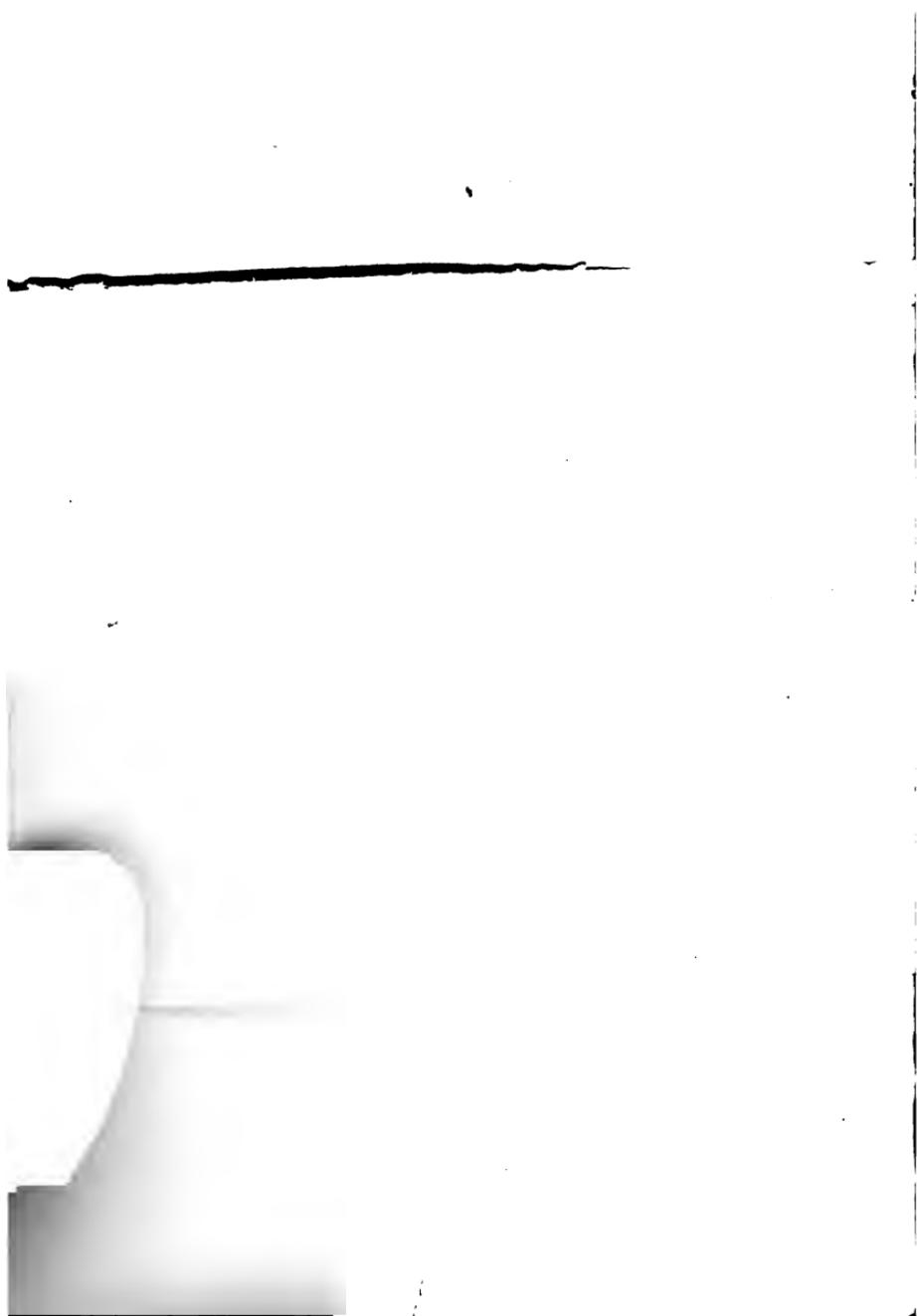
ERRATA.

- p. 10, *for Christie, read Christy.*
- p. 14, line 8, *for can, read could.*
- p. 27, *for peeple, read people.*
- p. 156, *for topography, read typography.*
- p. 155, note, after 'Plagiarism,' *read*

"But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was Chymist, Fiddler, Statesman, and Buffoon."

Zimri [Duke of Buckingham.]—DRYDEN.

ginal races, might be disposed to controvert. I am not going to enter into this argument, and only refer to it as an example of the practice of beginning all treatises by showing the immense anti-



GOSSIP ABOUT PORTRAITS.

I.

Introduction.



HE learned Benedict Baudouin, in his treatise on an old shoe ("de Solea veterum"), if he does not exactly make Father Adam the first shoemaker, claims for him at least the glory of having been the first shoe-wearer, for he maintains that God in giving Adam skins of beasts for clothes, did not leave him to go barefooted, but gave him shoes of the same material; an assertion however that M. Lartet or Sir C. Lyell, with their experience of early civilization and aboriginal races, might be disposed to controvert. I am not going to enter into this argument, and only refer to it as an example of the practice of beginning all treatises by showing the immense anti-

quity of the subject the writer is descanting upon. As regards portraits, it would not be difficult in the same way to plead for them the excuse or justification of an equally old repute, for not only do Roman writers mention them, as Pliny and Martial of the collections of Atticus and Varro, but they may be traced through Greece and Egypt up to Adam and Eve, who, we know, wore each other's miniatures from the very day of their falling in love.* I shall content myself then, with citing the very respectable antiquity of such patronage, and, passing over the 700 portraits collected by Varro, coloured by a lady named Lala; the cabinet of Trajan in his palace on (now *in*) the Lake of Nemi; the more modern gallery of Paulus Jovius; and many collections of medallic portraits (of which collections Eneas Vico mentions by name about thirty in his time); I shall

* "Look in my eyes, my blushing fair!
Thou'lt see thyself reflected there:
And, as I gaze on thine, I see
Two little miniatures of me."—MOORE.

And similar verses have been written by a hundred others. Lord Chesterfield, though sufficiently proud of his pedigree, and only bending in one direction, could not forbear ridiculing the pride of families older than his own, by placing among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed 'Adam de Stanhope,' and 'Ebe de Stanhope.' This, by the bye, is another proof that portraits are as old as Adam and Eve!

begin my gossip about portraits by alluding to the gallery which the Earl of Derby has caused to be collected for exhibition at South Kensington. This proposed Exhibition induced me to gather up some scattered memoranda and to put them into their present form, with the intention principally of claiming for a neglected form of portraits (I mean engraved portraits) a respect which I think they deserve, and which may some day secure for them a separate exhibition, or even a permanent location attached to the National Portrait Gallery.

But first, all honour to the Earl of Derby ! For without his warm patronage and example of high authority, such a collection as we may hope to see exhibited at Kensington would have remained among those *desiderata* which, like the Marquis of Worcester's "Century of Inventions," lie neglected simply from lack of faith. But see what the magic of his noble name has achieved ! The dearest treasures of old families from all parts of the kingdom, the portraits of their forefathers, those "old familiar faces" which for centuries have looked down from their high places on great clan gatherings, on the christenings, the comings of age, the marriages, the Christmas merry-makings, the deaths and funeral

pomps of their descendants ;—those priceless treasures of great houses have been freely offered to the contemplation of the public, at great risk, often at considerable discomfort, because the Earl of Derby as a great leader—I speak of honour, not of politics—called on his peers to do their devoirs. And well has he been followed. The difficulty seems to have been, not to get the pictures, but to accept them. The ‘effigies’ of more than 800 celebrated men and women dear to Englishmen, though they all died 200 or more years ago, will be assembled in the saloons of the Kensington Museum ; and the majority of them so finely painted and so life-like, that it will be no hard matter to believe that we live and move among them in the time of Charles, Elizabeth, or Henry.

The old monk in the Spanish monastery, who had seen so many of his brothers pass away, and said, as he looked on the picture of Velasquez in the Refectory, “ I sometimes think *we* are the shadows,” only gave expression to the thought of many a one who has abided long in the presence of a noble portrait in some great house—ay, or of one who has lived long in the presence of some noble engraving of Vandyke or Reynolds in some humble household.

I think the passage which dwells most in my mind of all in Leslie's admirable "Life of Constable," is a little extract from a letter of Bishop Fisher, describing his visit to a poor clergyman, whose house contained but one picture, the print from Stothard, of Chaucer and his brother pilgrims journeying towards Canterbury, "with the early dawn breaking over the Dulwich hills"! As this humble priest baptized and married and buried his parishioners, and duly performed the services in the village church, and read his quiet sermon, and came back and sat under his picture and prepared his address for the next Sunday—how often did he think of the glorious permanence of art, and of the perishableness of all the strength of mortality! Roger Flail, the village champion, was drowned last week in the mill-dam; Bella Pearl died yesterday of the fever; and old Hearty, who looked as if he would last for ever, now lies cold and dead, though he ate a tremendous supper of cheese and cucumbers only last night:—but there, in the parson's study, in the evening sunshine, still calmly smiles Geoffrey Chaucer, hale and thoughtful and gentle, as he looked twenty years since—as he looked four hundred years ago!

And now, in this summer of 1866, all the world may see (I hope) this Master in Lord Derby's Portrait Gallery, and those who have drunk of that 'well of English undefiled,' which he left for his countrymen, will fairly sound the calm depths of his tranquil eyes.*

But if we give all due credit to Lord Derby for his great Portrait Exhibition of 1866, we must not forget that other Portrait Exhibitions had already been inaugurated, and that there has been for

* There is another portrait I hope—I am afraid vainly—to see in the Exhibition, that of William Caxton, the good man and honest printer. He printed Chaucer's Canterbury Tales *twice*. The first was taken from an imperfect manuscript, and as soon as he found this out, he began another—"for to satisfy ye auctore, whereas tofore by ignoraunce, I had erred in hurting and defamynge his boke." Caxton had a great veneration for the great poet. 'We ought,' he says, 'to give a singular laud unto that noble and great philosopher, Geoffrey Chaucer, the which, for his ornate writings in our tong, may well have the name of a laureate poet.' For, to fore that he embellished and ornated and made faire our English, in this royaume was had rude speech and incongrue, as yet it appeareth by old bokes, which, at this day, ought not to have place, ne be compared among unto his beanteous volumes and ornate writings, of whom he made many books and treatyses of many a noble historie as well in metre as in rhyme and prose: and then so craftily made, that he comprehended his materes in short, quicke, and high sentence, eschewing perplexity; casting awaye the chaff of superfluity, and showing the quick grain of sentence, uttered by craftie and sugared eloquence."

some years open to the public one of their own (now containing more than 200 interesting English portraits) called the National Portrait Gallery. This was established in 1857, and, although at present badly housed, is gradually progressing in favour and extent under the government of Lord Stanhope and his co-trustees, and the able superintendence of Mr. Scharf, the keeper. In 1857, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, there was a Department, called the British Portrait Gallery, admirably arranged by Mr. Peter Cunningham, which contained nearly 400 pictures, kindly lent by personages of all ranks, the Queen herself setting her Nobles and Commoners a worthy example. And only last year, at South Kensington, there was an unparalleled "Loan Collection" of miniature likenesses, that for several months drew crowds never tired of admiring them. Doubtless these successive Exhibitions have led to the desire, and to the practicability, of forming one of the extent and importance which Lord Derby sketched out in placing his proposal before the world; and the last, in particular, seems to have thoroughly prepared the public for the new treat in store for them. These great public collections call to mind many private galleries, and he

would 'deserve well of his country' who would undertake to give a comprehensive view of these as they lie scattered in princely seats throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom.

This compendium should be not only of oil pictures but of collections of portraits in every style. The only regret would be that it would prove the impossibility, almost, for any one to form for himself now a considerable portrait gallery, unless it be one of Engravings, about which I shall elsewhere speak. When there are so many portraits accessible to the public it may seem a selfish thing to wish to appropriate a collection to oneself: but, let us think of the 'Collector' with respect, notwithstanding that he may be occasionally afflicted with a 'mania.' I deem it a fair desire to wish to possess these objects that are so valuable, not only as works of art 'but as portraits' in their associations and suggestiveness; for it is only when we are surrounded with them as household gods that we can thoroughly appreciate them. And sometimes Galleries are dispersed, and chances are offered to the wealthy or influential of securing for themselves some of those treasures which have appeared quite out of reach ; so, if they cannot have altogether what they love, they learn to love what

they have : many things are preserved together that would otherwise be scattered piecemeal ; and, thus, much learning and information are augmented, and the love of art “ doth grow by what it feeds on.”

II.

Portrait Collections.

ERE it not that some few other animals seem, in a small degree, to have somewhat of the same faculty, man might be defined a scraping or collecting animal, for there is scarcely an individual of the genus but manifests this peculiarity; some in scraping or collecting for their own subsistence or that of their offspring; many for the gratification of their senses or intellect, irrespective of physical wants of increase or preservation. Ages and ages ago, thousands of years before MM. Boucher, or Lartet, or Christie, Evans, Brown, or Blackmore, formed *their* collections of flint implements, there were doubtless other gentlemen known by synonyms of "Big-flint-splitter," "Neat-chip-chopper," "Through-ice-catchee-fish-flint-flaker," who prided themselves on wonderful collections of flint arrow-heads and skin-scrappers. Since that time collections of all sorts of things then undreamed of have been formed. Pictures, Statues,

China, Butterflies, Stuffed Birds, and Beetles, will occur at once, but scarcely anything can be named that has not been petted by somebody.

I was shown the other day a neat little cabinet, belonging to a great traveller and naturalist, in which were labelled and described nearly 400 different species or varieties of bugs!* George the Fourth collected 'Saddles.' The Princess Charlotte, and many besides, collected 'Shells,' of which some of the ugliest, being fortunately the rarest, are very valuable. For a very rare one, Rumfius, a collector of old, though stone blind, is said to have given £1000! Tulips were once a favourite subject with collectors, especially in Holland, where the sums given for new or rare roots were enormous. One root once sold for 4600 florins (about £370) together with a new carriage, a pair of grey horses, and a set of harness. Other flowers have since become favourites in succession, as Auriculas, Picotees, Dahlias, and now, Roses. Mr. Tighe and others collected shop-bills (of which Hogarth's is worth more than a hundred times its weight in gold) and Tobacco papers. Snuff-boxes have been much patronized by collectors, and when

* The Ray Society have just published an elaborate work on these interesting creatures, illustrated with twenty-one plates, crowded with specimens!

we see, at South Kensington, or in private cabinets, how wondrously beautiful and rich they have been made, it is not matter of surprise that the diamonded and enamelled beauties should have been coveted. It is recorded of Mr. Norris, a snuff-taker as well as a snuff-box collector, that he had so many, as never to take a pinch of snuff twice out of the same box. Mr. Urquhart collected the halters with which criminals had been hanged, and Dr. Heavyside made a little gallery of casts from their faces, a practice still continued by a well-known phrenologist. Suett, the Comedian, collected wigs—about which a history might be written, starting with the periwigs of Charles the Second (or before, for they had wigs in old Rome and Egypt), taking in Hogarth's plates, and recording, among many others, Pennant's wig-madness and his hurried 'Tour of Chester;—and wigs suggest skulls, of which many collections have lately been made, particularly by students of Ethnology. Dr. Thurnam has a large collection of Anglo-Saxon, Roman, and British skulls, found in England; and Dr. B. Davis is said to have as many as 1400 or 1500! In the naughty Tom and Jerry times it was a fashion with the 'fast gents' of the period to collect knockers, bell-pulls, rattles, lanterns, and staves of the old

watchmen or ‘Charlies,’ (now, the ‘Bobbies,’—from Sir Robert Peel,—don’t allow that sort of thing), and in short anything they could preserve as trophies of a night in Covent Garden.* Some men seem to have collected wives, one Langford being sentenced to seven years transportation for indulging his fancy in this way to as many as seven ; and some women

* Of these ‘Charlies’ of the good old times here is an anecdote, not generally known, that makes pale the recent accounts of casual wards, &c. Horace Walpole, in 1742, writes, “There has lately been the most shocking scene of murder imaginable. A parcel of drunken constables took it into their heads to put the laws in execution against *disorderly* persons, and so took up every woman they met, till they had collected five or six and twenty, all of whom they threw into St. Martin’s round-house, where they kept them all night, with doors and windows closed. The poor creatures, who could not stir or breathe, screamed as long as they had any breath left, begging at least for water : one poor wretch said she was worth eighteen pence, and would gladly give it for a draught of water, but in vain ! So well did they keep them there, that in the morning four were found stifled to death, two died soon after, and a dozen more are in a shocking way. In short, it is horrid to think what the poor creatures suffered ; several of them were beggars, who, from having no lodging, were necessarily found in the street, and others honest labouring women : one of the dead was a poor washerwoman, big with child, who was returning home late from washing. These same men, the same night, broke into a bagnio in Covent Garden, and took up Jack Spencer, Mr. Stewart, and Lord George Graham, and would have thrust them into the round-house with the poor women, if they had not been *worth more than eighteen-pence !*”—Letter to Sir Horace Mann, i. 189, ed. 1833. It may be as well to add that the keeper of the round-house was tried, but acquitted of wilful murder.

have collected ‘husbands,’ as that lady of Haarlem, who, in 1641, “had been married to her 25th husband, and being now a widow was prohibited to marry in future, yet it could not be proved that she had ever made any of her husbands away, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble.”* Others, of greater note, have employed themselves in collecting everything they can lay their hands on, forming what are called ‘Museums’ —such were Ashmole, Tradescant, Sir Hans Sloane (whose collection purchased, very much below its value, for £20,000, formed the nucleus of the British Museum), Sir Aston Lever, Sir John Soane, etc.—Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, being asked by Sir Hans Sloane to send him what curiosities he could find in his travels, sent him a poetical catalogue of ‘rarities,’ from which the following are extracts:—

“I’ve ravag’d air, earth, seas, and caverns,
Men, women, children, towns, and taverns ;
And greater rarities can show,
Than Gresham’s children† ever knew:

From Carthage brought, the sword I’ll send
Which brought Queen Dido to her end.

* Evelyn’s Diary.

† The Fellows of the Royal Society, who held their meetings originally in Gresham College.

The stone whereby Goliath died,
Which cures the head-ache, well apply'd.
A whetstone, worn exceeding small,
Time us'd to whet his scythe withal;
The pigeon stuff'd, which Noah sent
To tell him when the waters went.
A ring I've got of Samson's hair,
The same which Dalilah did wear:
Saint Dunstan's tongs, which story shows
Did pinch the devil by the nose.
The very shaft, as all may see,
Which Cupid shot at Antony;
And, which above the rest I prize,
A glance of Cleopatra's eyes;
Some strains of eloquence which hung,
In Roman times, on Tully's tongue;

I've got a ray of Phœbus' shine,
Found in the bottom of a mine:
A lawyer's conscience, large and fair
Fit for a judge himself to wear.
In a thumb-vial you shall see,
Close cork'd, some drops of honesty,
Which, after searching kingdoms round,
At last were in a cottage found:
An antidote, if such there be,
Against the charms of flattery.
I ha'nt collected any Care,
Of that there's plenty everywhere;
But after wondrous labours spent,
I've got one grain of rich content.
This my wish, it is my glory,
To furnish your nicknackatory."

Of collections of pictures of a general character
a long list might be made, and there are in Eng-

land several fine collections of statues, ancient and modern. I don't know, however, that we have any such enthusiasts, as antiquaries, as a gentleman mentioned by Evelyn, who, being at Rome in 1644, went "to the house of Hippolite Vitellesco (afterwards Bibliothecary of y^e Vatican Library) who show'd us one of the best collections of statues in Rome, to which he frequently talks as if they were living, pronouncing now and then orations, sentences, and verses, sometimes kissing and embracing them. He has a head of Brutus, scarr'd in the face by order of the Senate for killing Julius ; this is much esteemed." Special collections of portraits do not however seem to have met with much favour. One of the earliest collectors in England was William Earl of Pembroke, of the time of James the First, who was quite famous as a physiognomist, and who formed a special collection of portraits at Wilton. General Fairfax is said to have collected portraits of warriors ; and a few others might be named as having added to their own family portraits those of their friends, or of persons whose position or talents rendered them celebrated. But it was reserved for Lord Chancellor Clarendon to form the first important collection of English worthies. When he

built his grand house in Piccadilly, he appears to have arranged a gallery of Portraits on a well-considered plan. They were limited to those of eminent men of his own country, but not restricted to any particular class. Evelyn being asked to give his advice recommended a considerable addition of above forty persons in the classes of 'Learned,' 'Politicians,' and 'Soldiers.' "Some of which," he says, "tho' difficult to procure originals of, yet happily copies might be found out upon diligent enquiry." In a letter to Pepys he observes, after mentioning a similar list, "When Lord Clarendon's design of making this collection was known, every body who had any of the portraits, or could purchase them at any price, strove to make their court by presenting them. By this means he got many excellent pieces of Vandyke, and other originals by Lely and others, the best of our modern masters' hands." Lady T. Lewis has enlarged on this subject in her work on the friends of Lord Clarendon, in which she describes the pictures and the origin of the gallery.* This collection of portraits was already very extensive when Clarendon went into exile, and he was then getting a long list from Evelyn in order to add to it. In a letter to Pepys, and in his

* Three vols. 8vo. 1852.

'Numismata,' Evelyn enumerates, from memory, nearly a hundred illustrious Englishmen whose portraits he had seen at Clarendon House, and which were afterwards removed to Cornbury in Oxfordshire.

Among collections of portraits, few are more interesting than Society and Club collections, such as those that adorn the walls of the Royal Society, the Garrick Club, &c., and among them must always be remembered that which has given a name to a particular size of portrait canvass, (36 x 28) namely the Kit Cat Club. Why so called, nobody seems ever to have known, for Pope, Arbuthnot, and others, flourishing almost contemporary with its formation, are uncertain as to the origin of the title. It seems probable that it was derived from the name of the keeper of the tavern where the meetings were held, one Christopher Kat. Arbuthnot says, very ungallantly :—

" Whence deathless Kit-Kat took his name,
Few critics can unriddle ;
Some say from pastrycook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.
From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Grey statesmen or green wits,
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old Cats and young Kits."

For the glasses of the Club were inscribed with the names of the reigning beauties, and with complimentary verses. Jacob Tonson was secretary, and he had his own portrait, and those of all the members, about forty-eight in number, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. These are now in the possession of W. R. Baker, Esq., of Bayfordbury, the representative of Jacob Tonson, and some of them were allowed to be exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition. They were engraved in mezzotint by Faber. Among the members were John Dryden, Sir J. Vanbrugh, Congreve, Sir Richard Steele, Addison, Garth, Lord Chancellor Somers, the Earl of Marlborough, Halifax, Pulteney, Sir Robert Walpole, &c.

Next to a gallery of Portraits in oil, must be reckoned a cabinet of miniatures, and indeed if these are by masters like Oliver and Cooper and Petitôt, they are of equal value, both as portraits and pictures, with the larger works. But now, nearly all the works of these celebrated artists are gathered into collections such as that of the Duke of Buccleugh, whence no collector can hope to charm them, charm he never so wisely. The first large collection of miniatures formed was that of Walpole. Until

recently few persons sought for more than family portraits, or those of friends, and Walpole was enabled therefore to form his matchless collection of miniatures with comparative ease and at a comparatively moderate expense. At that time, he says, they were 'superior to any other collection whatever,' and particularly as regards the works of Peter and Isaac Oliver, 'the best extant, and as perfect as when they came from the hand of the painter.' What a melancholy time to the amateur was that at Strawberry Hill, in 1842, when these treasures were dispersed! In recalling that time, when I wandered through those rooms looking listlessly at many objects that to the connoisseur (not only of art but of history) 'spoke volumes,' I begin faintly to understand the worth of such collections. Then, to me, Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon (for instance) were simply two ladies admired by Louis XIV. La belle Stewart and the Countess of Castlemaine, were in like manner only two beauties of the Court of Charles II. They were all naughty together. Who were Dr. Gauden, and Elias Ashmole, and Valentine Greatrakes, and Sir Samuel Morland, father and son? To me, even Ben Jonson and

Massinger, and Greene and Marlowe, were hazy personages, and so with "many moe." It is one of the advantages of portrait collections, and of exhibitions like those of last year, and Lord Derby's great gallery of this year, that we inquire about the lives of the men and women we see, and learn the hidden springs and wheels that have been at work in moving and ordering this great clock of ours.

But we may do all this better, and more comfortably, at home, by our fireside than even in the pleasant places of South Kensington, simply by the aid of Engraving ; which gives us, as our own property, to be used as we please, nearly all the advantages—except those attached to colour—to be found in the Picture Gallery or the Miniature Room. Even the expression which *colour* conveys cannot always be relied upon ; therefore, really, Engravings are not at such a disadvantage compared with paintings or miniatures as we might hastily assume. Besides the 'flattering' tints put on by the painter, his sitter might be, and often was, guilty of a previous painting. A wit and gentleman of England's 'Augustan age' (he would not have liked me to call him a Poet, as Voltaire innocently did) speaks of such a one :

" Ancient Phyllis has young Graces :
 "Tis a strange thing but a true one ;
 Shall I tell you how ?
 She herself makes her own Faces,
 And each morning makes a new one ;—
 Where's the wonder now ? "

" Short, but there's salt in it."

A much more base deceiver has deserved the following epigram from F. M. Reynolds :

" Sappho, beauty and poet,
 Has two little crimes !
 She makes her own face,
 And does not make her own rhymes ! "

Colour, then, is deceptive, and perhaps more deceptive than hard lines, but when it may be depended on, what a tale it tells ! As Donne said of a happy and virtuous lady—

. " We understood
 Her by her sight ; her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
 That one might almost say her body thought ! "

On the other hand, where there is silent misery, or sorrow, or hopeless love, as in the maid whose ' history's a blank,' we have ' a green and yellow melancholy,' for then ' concealment '

' Like a worm i' the bud,
 Feeds on the damask cheek.'

Irrespective then of colour, which in a picture is

generally the most false or flattered part of the likeness, a good engraving is *almost* as desirable as a good oil painting or miniature.

In speaking of the portrait collection his friend Pepys was anxious to form, Evelyn says, “I should not advise a solicitous expense of having the pictures painted in oyle,” and so he goes on to recommend ‘Heads and Effigies in *taille douce*,’ (or engravings); and says “some are so well done to the life, that they may stand in competition with the best paintings. This were a cheape and so much a more useful curiosity as they seldom are without their Names, Ages, and Elogies of the Persons whose Portraits they represent. I say you will be exceedingly pleased to contemplate the Effigies of those who have made such a noise and bustle in the world, either by their madnesses and folly, or a more conspicuous figure by their wit and learning.”* Although to Evelyn and Ashmole and Pepys must perhaps be ascribed the honour of forming the earliest large collections of Engraved Portraits in

* Letter to Pepys, 1689. Evelyn’s Memoirs, ii. 235 to 252. This long letter contains some very interesting facts and remarks, not only on portraits, but on Medals and Libraries, and though much of it was repeated from his ‘Numismata,’ published 1687, there will be found in it much original and uncopied matter.

England, they were certainly not the first who had done so partially. Many of the portraits collected by the Earl of Pembroke, principally as studies in physiognomy, were Engravings formed into books : and about the same time were published in volumes, the series of portraits known as the *Baziliologia*, or *Book of Kings*, and the *Herōologia*, containing *Martyrs*, *Naval heroes*, etc., of both of which works I shall speak under another heading.

At this time also it was frequently the practice to prefix a portrait of the author of a work to his book, if his fame seemed to call for it ; and this custom became, later, quite general, till in the 17th century, scarcely a pamphlet or sermon appeared without a portrait at the beginning. In the 18th century these prints were too often cut out of the books and placed in portfolios, forming collections of portraits similar to those coveted by Evelyn and Pepys ; and then appeared the work of Granger, his celebrated '*Biographical History of England*,' describing all the engraved portraits he could see or hear of, and giving short and pithy notices of the persons represented.*

* To illustrate this work with the portraits designated became quite a mania, and as illustrated Grangers were soon as 'plenty as blackberries,' other works were chosen for a similar purpose, as Claren-

To collect all the portraits that have ever been engraved is of course a hopeless task, and there would

don's History of the Rebellion, Burnet's History of the Reformation, Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, &c. These works, interesting in themselves, were certainly made more attractive by such illustrations, and the occupation of searching for the prints, arranging them, and adding, sometimes, notes or additional information respecting the portraits, was innocent, amusing, and improving, in many ways, to the collector. It did not however improve the appearance of his purse, for many of the prints required were extremely rare, and consequently very expensive. As an example of the expensive and extensive way in which these illustrations were sometimes carried out, might be cited the 'Sutherland Clarendon,' now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which probably cost much more than £5000. Of this I shall give some particulars in the chapter on 'Prints.' But there is no need to make such heavy demands on the pocket to make a fair and interesting collection of portraits, which may be arranged either to illustrate some work, or simply to illustrate a Period of History or a Class of Persons. — The Period or Class chosen must of course depend on the sympathies or associations of the Collector, and its extent would be regulated by his means. Whether Elizabeth, James, Charles, or other reigns be chosen; whether the State, the Bar, the Drama, or other speciality be adopted; whether the local celebrities of some particular County or City be pourtrayed; there will be ample scope for portrait illustration—and 'room and verge enough' for annotation. Where 'illustration' is not designed, but simply collections of Portraits of Eminent persons in some particular walk of life, they may be arranged under one of the following classes, which are nearly those adopted by Granger — viz. : Kings and Royal Family ; Nobility ; Clergy ; Learned Men, Physicians, Poets, and Literary Men ; Lawyers; the Army; the Navy; Artists, (as Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Musicians, Actors, Engravers, &c.); Ladies of Title; Gentlewomen; Curious Characters, &c.

necessarily be so many important hiatuses, that no one probably now-a-days will enter on the undertaking. Yet in the days of Granger it was attempted, and it must have been an exciting occupation, too serious for an amusement or recreation, for the several collectors, who then all ran for the same goal, to outdo and outbid each other in forming their collections. It is astonishing how interesting a collection may be made of portraits of a more limited range. Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, or Lodge's Memoirs, are more readable than the Biographia Britannica, or Bayle's Dictionary; and two or three folios of portraits of a particular class, or of a particular era, well arranged and annotated may be made much more amusing, recreative, and interesting than dozens of Cabinets filled with a miscellaneous assemblage of portraits of people of all sorts who have lived 'everywhen' and everywhere. As a good poet is great in the "art to blot," the collector must learn the art to omit.—He should select some book, or some era, or some class, to illustrate with portraits, and elucidate and ornament with notes, and then try to make that as perfect as he can. A well-arranged Tiara of a few gems, is more attractive than the whole miscellaneous contents of a lapi-

dary's drawer. Of course he will select a subject in which he may take an interest, but whatever subject he takes up he will find its interest grow, and he will have no need to "feign a relish till a relish come."

Granger has a class of "Remarkable or Eccentric Characters," in which he includes such persons as either Mr. Richardson or Mr. Barnum would have been glad to have seen in their shows at Bartlemy Fair or New York. And some of these people are wonders in their way, and were as much so in days past as they would be at the present time. Mistress Barbara Vanbeck was certainly a greater prodigy as a hairy lady than Madame Pastrina; and Blondin, who has been patronized by millions, was outdone in the time of Cromwell, by the Turk, or the *Funamble* Turk, of whom Evelyn thus discourses: Sept. 15, 1657. "Going to London with some company we stept in to see a famous Rope-dauncer called *The Turk*. I saw even to my astonishment y^e agility with which he perform'd; he walk'd barefooted, taking hold by his toes only, of a rope almost perpendicular, and without so much as touching it with his hands; he daunc'd blindfold on y^e high rope and with a

boy of 12 years old tied to one of his feet about 20 foote beneath him, dangling as he daunc'd, yet he mov'd as nimblly as if he had been but a feather. Lastly he stood on his head on y^e top of a very high mast, daunc'd on a small rope that was very slack, and finally flew down y^e perpendicular, on his breast, his head foremost, his legs and arms extended, with divers other activities." Hogarth's plate of Southwark Fair would alone be a good book to illustrate as respects subjects of this nature, as it represents some of the most popular exhibitions of his period, which, fully described, would be better than a visit to the fair itself; and it would not have the defect which voluminous works on the subject have, like Jest Books and Ana, of wearying by profuseness. At this fair, in 1660, Evelyn saw some wonderful performances of *monkeys* turning somersaults with baskets of eggs and vessels of water on their heads without breaking or spilling the contents. Among other things "here was a man wh^o tooke up a piece of iron cannon of about 400 lb. weight with the hair of his head only!" Thus it is not absolutely necessary to select a work to be illustrated. The collector may himself make a Book by collecting some series of Portraits, as of

Statesmen, Poets, Actors, etc. etc. of some particular period, and placing opposite to each a few salient biographical paragraphs. A few dates should be given, as of birth, death, etc. but no attempt need be made to furnish a full biography. It should be endeavoured rather to heighten our interest in the portrait by recalling or recording a few anecdotes, than to attempt to vie with a biographical dictionary. Just as in passing along a gallery of portraits, or noticing those in a great house, we pause not only to criticize the figure, or the complexion and expression of the face, but to remark such and such an event in the life of him or her who is before us. What is wanted in these inscriptions is not a serious biography of the individual, but, besides a few special facts and dates, some short characteristic anecdotes not generally met with in biographies, but to be picked up in ‘*Memoires pour servir*’—and similar Ana. For instance, everybody knows the ‘historical’ first William Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle; but the ‘History of England’ scarcely presents them so vividly before us ‘in their habits as they lived,’ as their portraits and a few chatty words from Horace Walpole about them, before Pitt had the ‘fall up-stairs,’

which made him Earl of Chatham. Remember, that Mr. Pitt was a martyr to the gout, and the Duke of Newcastle a martyr to the fear of catching cold and sleeping in damp beds, and then listen to Mr. Horatio. "Mr. Pitt's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room but to load himself with bed-clothes. At his house at Hayes he slept in a long room, at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into a mistake, to send for him, and read him a lecture. The duke was sent for once, and came when Mr. Pitt was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room ; the day was very chilly, and the duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold. The duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place ; then drew up his legs into it, as he got colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bed-clothes"—thus helping to form a cabinet picture, which I am not aware has been painted, but which if we have the portraits of the two ministers before us, may be easily imagined. The sharp features of Pitt, increased by the twinges of gout and the neces-

sity for a lecture, at one end of the room ; and the black muzzle and bushy eyebrows of the duke (a sort of saturnine ‘double’ of C. J. Fox), monstrously looming through the white clouds of the bed-clothes at the other, form a tableau worthy of being realised by the historic pencil of one of our popular painters.

Something similar to the inscriptions or notes required to a collection of portraits, is Rossi’s Pinacotheca, a curious collection of biographic portraits in miniature, but the best models of the kind, notwithstanding some defects, are Walpole and Granger.

I have said that almost the first great or systematic collectors of Engraved Portraits in England were Evelyn and Pepys ; the former having the start. It was not till about 1668 that Pepys began collecting portraits, getting many of Nanteuil, etc. from France, and being helped with the advice of Evelyn, as well as with specimens from his collection. In 1669 he went to France, and doubtless collected there many things (which are now in the Pepysian Library) on the recommendation of his friend, who says in one of his letters at this time, printed by Lord Braybrooke, “They will greatly refresh you in your study,

and by your fireside, when you are many years returned.”

Yes, they will indeed refresh you ! This is one of the great charms of such reminiscences of travel, that when you come home you are constantly travelling again in looking over sketches, pictures, and books. You see an engraving of the Madonna della Sedia, and away you are at once, quicker than the telegraph, to Florence the Fair, and to that sunny day, when crossing the Arno by the Ponte Vecchio, you first came to the Palazzo Pitti, and, passing by wonders and wonders of art, you stopped at last by *the Raffaelle* and forgot the world, absorbed by that which is indeed “a joy for ever.” In the same way you turn over a folio of portraits. Here are Elizabeth, Leicester, Raleigh, Shakspere, Melville, and Mary of Scots—and you walk about London and Greenwich, and visit the world of 300 years ago ! Or you take up a folio of a later period, where are Charles the 2nd, Buckingham, Rochester, Grammont, Sedley, Killigrew, York, Clarendon, Dryden, Lely, Castlemaine, Stewart, Nelly, and the Queen—and you are dining at one o’clock with the learned Mr. Evelyn and the wondrous Pepys, talking and telling anecdotes (with a good deal of relish) of the

bad goings on of those times, A.D. 1666. Or, whisking out another folio, you rush off to Sir Joshua Reynolds's and laugh and criticise, mourn and moralize with Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, and Garrick, and think of Hogarth 'over the way,' and of Chesterfield, Walpole, the Gunnings, Kitty Clive, Nelly O'Brien, and of many more who have, unconsciously to themselves and to us, moved the world a step more forward. These are among the charms, the pleasures and advantages of collections of Portraits.

III.

On Engraved Portraits, and their Inscriptions.



HAVE spoken of the desirability of forming collections of engraved portraits, as in most cases they give a very sufficing idea of the form and expression of the original, particularly when they are engraved by an able engraver, from a fine and authentic picture. But even a coarse copy of a coarse original, or an outline sketch will tell us something more than may be expressed in words. In such a case, practice in judging of the merit of an engraving as a work of art, will enable us to look beyond the effort of the artist, and to see, partly, what the engraving as a portrait ought to have been, in spite of its existing demerit. In looking at portraits, besides the knowledge we gain of the features of persons we have heard or read of, we become impatient to know more of them, and we are led to seek out particulars of their lives and actions till we gradually form more than a

passing acquaintance with them. Thus, in studying biography, we usually become not only better versed in general history, but get a peep into various vistas of knowledge that may lead us into many pleasant byepaths of social life. I shall not dwell on the art-knowledge we may gain from the mere outward circumstances of pictures and engravings, but rather notice the fund of entertainment and information we may gather from that inner soul which pictures have; I mean the acquaintance obtained with the thoughts of those whose pictures are before us. To do justice to this it would be necessary to instance so many engravings that I shall content myself with simply mentioning the circumstance, particularly as my readers will easily recall to their mind many portraits that seem to tell their own story, to be what are termed 'speaking' likenesses.

This leads to Physiognomy :—and there is no more powerful argument for that science than the production of a series of portraits. Take for instance half-a-dozen portraits, good engravings, after Holbein, Vandyke, Lely, Cooper, Kneller, Hogarth, Reynolds, or Romney, (I speak only of those known as English artists, and omit many that are eminent and good,) D 2

and that there may be a science called Physiognomy is evident.

In the ‘Numismata’ is a long and most interesting chapter on Physiognomy, in which Evelyn compares the portraits of many great men with their characters as shown in history, or from what he himself knew of them. But Evelyn was a man not without his prejudices, and his characters are not always to be relied upon. Still, this chapter, Lavater’s works, and Bell “On Expression” give nearly all that need be said upon the subject, though a small part only of what has been said.

To many portraits are attached inscriptions, generally eulogistic, and frequently containing some expressions which convey an idea of the genius, acquirements or pursuits which have rendered the individual worth knowing. Some of these inscriptions are curious, and a few so striking that they have become as celebrated as the engravings they adorn. I shall be excused quoting those generally known as well as others, because many will be glad to have them verbatim, instead of merely a dim recollection of them, and those who know them by heart will be glad that others should know them as well.

The first that will occur to any one at all acquainted with engraved portraits, will probably be the verses by Ben Jonson to the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare originally prefixed to the rare ‘first Folio’ edition of his Works,* though adopted also in later editions.

“This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespear cut ;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to out-do the life.
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

B. J.”

These lines by Ben Jonson recall those no less celebrated, said to be by him, and printed in his Works, on Mary, Countess of Pembroke, though they were written not for a picture, but a tomb :—

* THE first Folio, that is to say the finest copy known, was purchased by Miss Burdett Coutts, at the sale of the Library of the late Mr. George Daniel, of Islington, in July 1864, for the sum of £716. 2s ! It measures 13½ inches by 8¼, is perfect from beginning to end, and has a brilliant impression of the portrait. Another copy of this exceedingly rare book, the property of Lord Charlemont, was sold the following year for £455. In this copy a corner of the title had been torn away, and the leaf of verses was pasted down. It was otherwise complete, but not in as good condition as the other.

" Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse:
 Sidney's Sister : Pembroke's Mother:
 Death, 'ere thou hast slain another,
 Learn'd and fair and good as shee,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Then we have the lines to Milton's portrait by Dryden, which, however familiar they may be supposed to be, are scarcely ever quoted without some error in the important adjectives :—

" Three poets in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Rome, and England did adorn :
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
 The next in majesty :—in both the last.
 The force of Nature could no farther go ;
 To make a third she joined the former two."

These lines have suggested numberless others. Prefixed to his 'Anima Astrologia,' by William Lilly, 'student in Astrology,' 1676, is a print containing portraits of Lilly, Cardan, and Guido Bonatus, with this explosive inscription :—

" Let Envy burst—Urania's glad to see
 Her sons thus joined in a Triplicity—
 To Cardan and to Guido much is due,
 But in one Lilly we behold them Two!"

One of the most extraordinary inscriptions is that to a portrait of Lady Dorothy Boyle, painted by her mother Lady Burlington. Lady Boyle died from the cruel ill-treatment of her husband, George, Earl of Euston.

"Lady Dorothy Boyle,
Born May the 14th, 1724.

She was the comfort and joy of her parents, the delight of all who knew her angelic temper, and the admiration of all who saw her beauty.

She was marry'd October the 10th, 1741, and delivered, by death, from misery,

May the 2d, 1742.

This picture was drawn (from memory) seven weeks after her death, by her most affectionate Mother,

Dorothy Burlington."

This is the inscription to the picture as given by Lord Dover. (Walpole, i. 290.) Lady Burlington had it engraved (with the inscription slightly varied, it was said, by Pope) and presented it to her friends.

Although many English engravings have inscriptions to them, the fashion was more general I think in France and Holland, and some of their best poets (as well as many of their worst) were often engaged to write these eulogistic verses. In a letter of Vandyke to the learned Francis Junius, which is in the British Museum, and printed by Mr. Carpenter in his very interesting and elaborate work on Vandyke, there occurs this passage (translated from the original Dutch): "As I have caused the portrait of the Chevalier Digby to be engraved, with a view to publication, I humbly request you to favour me with a little motto by way of inscription at the bottom

of the plate, by which you will render me a service, and do me great honour." This would seem to have been done in the plate by Van Voerst. I give this extract here to show how these inscriptions—which in the 17th century were so general—were manufactured, as it were, to order. And poets could and did spin out eulogistic couplets by the yard as easily and with as much satisfaction as a 'Cheap Jack' evolves a Pharaoh's Serpent from a pewter platter. Walpole has amusingly described this plethora of encomia which Poets often exhibited. In speaking of Mrs. Anne Killigrew, who, besides being beautiful and a poet,—'a Grace for beauty and a Muse for wit'—was a painter also, "Dryden," he says, "has celebrated her genius for painting and poetry in a very long ode, in which the rich stream of his numbers has hurried along with it all that his luxurious fancy produced in his way; it is an harmonious hyperbole composed of the fall of Adam, Arethusa, Vestal Virgins, Diana, Cupid, Noah's Ark, the Pleiades, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the Last Assizes." She seems to have been a sort of Lady O'Looney. She was maid of honour to the Duchess of York, and died of the small-pox in 1685. "Likewise she painted in water colours, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

I do not intend to extend my remarks generally to foreign portraits, but a few instances suggest themselves as I turn over my portfolios. On two portraits by Mignard of Louis XIV. (of whom there are by various artists about 40 or 50) and Mad. de Maintenon, the following lines were written by Mlle. Bernard, addressed to the painter :—

“ Oui, votre art, je l'avoue, est au dessus du mien,
J'ai loué mille fois votre invincible maître:
Mais vous, en deux portraits, nous le faites connoître:
On voit aisement dans le sien
Sa valeur, son cœur magnanime:—
Dans l'autre, on voit son goût à placer son estime.
Ah ! Mignard, que vous louez bien !”

Mignard, by praising well, pleased well. His sitters have all the air of being satisfied with themselves, and the portraits are doubtless very like. His own head, by himself, is fine and unaffected, with full penetrating eyes, chastened by an air of *savoir faire* and quiet reticence, that would stamp him gentleman among gentlemen. When he painted the portraits noticed above, which was shortly before the secret nuptials, and when Mad. de Maintenon was 47 or 48 years old, he represented the lady as St. Françoise, and he asked the king if he might introduce an ermine mantle (which is heraldically *regal*) “ worthily to adorn the figure.” “ Yes,” replied the king smiling, “ St. Françoise

well deserves it!" The pictures were life size, and that of the lady is spoken of by Mad. de Coulange to Mad. de Sévigné, as representing all her character and grace, without any flattery of youth or prettiness which did not belong to her. Thirty years later another portrait of Mad. de Maintenon was painted, and the following lines were composed for it. It is Madame herself who is *supposed* to speak—

“ L'estime de mon roi m'en acquit la tendresse ;
 Je l'aimai trente ans sans foiblesse ;
 Il m'aima trente ans sans remords :
 Je ne fus ni reine ni maîtresse :
 Devine mon nom et mon sort ! ”

Mad. de Maintenon herself sometimes made verses; and, as appropriate to the subject in hand, I may mention those addressed to the Abbé Têtu, on seeing a village signboard of the Magdalen, which bore a striking resemblance to the Abbé, a squint in the eye of the Magdalen being an accidental effect not intended by the village Apelles.

“ Est ce pour flatter ma peine
 Que dans un vieux cabaret,
 Croyant voir la Madeleine,
 Je trouve votre portrait ?
 La marque d'amour me touche,
 J'en aime la nouveauté :
 On vous a fait femme et louche,
 Sans nuire à la vérité ! ”

And as the following lines by the same lady allude to something scarcely more animated than a picture I will add them, as they have more vivacity than their subject :—

“ Deux amans, brûlant du désir de se voir,
Après s'être cherchés, se trouverent, un soir,
Dans un bois sombre et solitaire.
Que leur plaisir fut grand ! il passa leur espoir !
Mais après les transports du salut ordinaire,
Ils ne surent que dire, et ne surent que faire.”

Which puts one in mind of the loving lines addressed by a wife to her absent spouse.

“ Je vous écris, parceque je n'ai rien à faire
Je finis, parceque je n'ai rien à dire !”

Among inscriptions should be mentioned that to the portrait of the learned Sigerus. He was at the expense of having a plate engraved in which he was represented kneeling before a crucifix, with a label from his mouth, “ Lord Jesus, do you love me ? ” From that of Jesus proceeded another label. “ Yes, most illustrious, most excellent, and most learned Sigerus, crowned poet of his Imperial Majesty, and most worthy rector of the University of Wittenburg ; yes, I love you ! ” Which, after all, is scarcely less impious or profane, than the various labels and inscriptions we find in the print of Charles I. engraved by White, and prefixed to the

“Vindiciae Carolinæ, or a defence of Eikon Basiliæ.” Portraits sometimes speak praises themselves, as when Le Brun, painting his own portrait, introduced also that of his earliest patron; or they tell by a pictorial pun what without words could not well be told, as when the *name* of John Booker, Astrologer and writing-master of Hadleigh, who published an Almanack, is given in his portrait by the introduction of a *book* with a large R on it! Also sometimes by the means of “accessories” some clue is given to the profession or distinguishing merit of the person painted. Thus Maupertuis, the mathematician, is represented in a Lapland dress, with a globe and chart by him, and other illustrations of his career. In this print after Tournière, engraved by Daullé 1741, and a fine bit of engraving it is, we have a good specimen of the “portrait verses” so commonly met with at this period. These lines are by Voltaire, and allude to the globe as well as to the world which inhabits it!

“ Ce Globe mal connu qu'il a su mesurer
Devient un monument où sa gloire se fonde;
Son sort est de fixer la figure du monde,
De lui plaire et de l'éclairer.”

This portrait of Maupertuis, which I have noticed

here on account of the verses by Voltaire, is interesting in many respects. It is not everybody who knows who Maupertuis was, and as I have only recently myself made his acquaintance, and altogether from the friendly offices of M. Daullé, I think such of my readers who may not already be ‘of his set’ will thank me for an introduction. Pierre-Louis Moreau de Maupertuis was born at St. Malo in the year 1698. He held a commission in the French army as Captain of Dragoons, but becoming devoted to mathematics and astronomy, he quitted the army and cultivated science so ardently that, in 1723, he was admitted to the Royal Academy of Paris, and in 1727 became a member of the Royal Society of London. In 1736 he started for Lapland, at the head of a commission deputed by the Academy, to measure an arc of the meridian, which, with the help of instruments, more perfect than any then in use, made by Graham of London, was effected in the following year, and the result was published by him in 1738. The effect of this was to confirm the opinion of Newton against that of Descartes as to the figure of the earth; and it will be observed in the portrait—so cleverly painted by Tournière—that Maupertuis is pressing down the poles of the globe

so as to reduce the shape to that of an oblate spheroid, which his careful measurement, compared with an arc measured near the equator, and the calculations of Newton, had proved it to be. Maupertuis was offered the presidency of the Academy at Berlin, which he accepted in 1745, and died at Basle, after publishing many scientific works, in 1759. Voltaire, who wrote such flattering verses to the portrait in 1741, became antagonistic to Maupertuis, when the latter was President at Berlin, and wrote a satire against him, which however Frederick ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, and this led to the retirement of Voltaire from the court.

Voltaire also wrote some verses on the figure of the Earth to his friend Algaroti, who accompanied Maupertuis, Clairault, and Le Monnier on their arctic expedition, whilst Condamine and his party had gone to the Equator. They are dated October 15, 1735.

“ A M. ALGAROTI.

Lorsque ce grand Courier de Philosophie,
Condamine l'Observateur,
De l'Afrique au Pérou conduit par Uranie,
Par la Gloire et par la Manie,
S'en va griller sous l'Equateur ;
Maupertuis et Clairault dans leur docte fureur
Vont geler au Pole du Monde.

Je les vois d'un Degré mesurer la longueur,
Pour ôter au Peuple rimeur
Ce beau mot de Machine ronde,
Que nos fiasques Auteurs, en chevillant leurs Vers,
Donnoient à l'avanture à ce plat Univers.

Les Astres étonnés dans leur oblique course
Le grand, le petit Chien, et le Cheval et l'Ourse,
Se disent l'un et l'autre, en langage des Cieux :
Certes ces gens sont fous,—ou ces gens sont des Dieux!"

Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken to task by Dr. Goldsmith, for what the latter considered gross flattery in the introduction of the allegorical personages in the portrait of Dr. Beattie. In this picture Dr. Beattie is represented with his book on the 'Immutability of Truth' under his arm, whilst the Angel of Truth goes before him, beating down Sophistry, Scepticism, and Infidelity — personifying, it was supposed, Voltaire, Gibbon, and Hume. Goldsmith, when he saw it, exclaimed: "It ill becomes a man of your eminence and character, Sir Joshua, to descend to flattery like this, or to think of degrading so high a genius as Voltaire, before so mean a writer as Beattie. Dr. Beattie and his book will be as much forgotten in ten years as if it had never been in existence; but your picture and the fame of Voltaire will live for ever, to your disgrace as a flatterer." Notwithstanding the praise of Goldsmith, as implied

in his assumed immortality of the picture, it is quite unworthy the painter, who never succeeded in anything more than simple portrait. Even Rubens, the master of this sort of work, fails to make his War and Peace, and Envy, and Fame, interesting, not even in the Luxembourg pictures, where one is reminded, by the many ‘sprawling’ personages, of the line of Pope, applied to very inferior artists :

“Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre.”

An ‘Allegory on the banks of the Nile,’ is much better placed than an allegory on a portrait, and it is satisfactory to find that the practice is now quite exploded.

The inscriptions to portraits of eminent persons lately deceased become, of course, epitaphs ; and a collection of epitaphs might well be added to a collection of portraits, or attached to them as notes. I cannot resist adding one or two that are not properly inscriptions to prints. As an Epitaph, perhaps the most honest expression of sorrow on the death of a friend, is that of the poet Benserade on his patron, Cardinal Richelieu :—

“ Cy gist, ouy gist, par la mort bleu,
Le Cardinal de Richelieu—
Et, ce qui cause mon ennuy,
Ma PENSION avec lui !”

Ben Jonson's Epitaph is well known on

"Elizabeth L. H,

Would'st thou hear what man can say
 In a little? Reader, stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lye
 As much beauty as could die,
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more virtue, than did live.
 If, at all, she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth :
 The other let it sleep with death :
 Fitter, where it died, to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell."

Of epigrammatic and odd Epitaphs take this from St. Michael's, Crooked Lane.

"Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,
 The body of William Wray :
 I have no more to say."

There is more said in the following, from St. Benets', Paul's Wharf, London.

"Here lies one More, and no more than he :
 One More, and no more! how can that be ?
 Why one More and no more may well lie here alone,
 But here lies one More, and that's more than one."

On John Penny in Wimborne Churchyard :

"Reader, if cash thou art in want of any,
 Dig four foot deep and thou wilt find—a PENNY."

The following are two kindred epitaphs. On T. Hobbes, the author of 'The Leviathan', we have,

"This is the Philosopher's Stone."

And on Dr. Fuller,

“Here lies Fuller’s earth.”

The last puts me in mind of Fuller’s sermon on a man who did not bear a very good character: “For one thing he is to be spoken well of by all; and for another thing he is to be spoken ill of by none. The first is because God made him; the second, because he is dead.”

But one of the shortest and most complimentary inscriptions is that by an unknown hand to the portrait of Ben Jonson, which was originally the termination of the verses over the door of the Apollo Room in the Old Devil Tavern, still preserved in Messrs. Child’s Banking House:

“O rare Ben Jonson!”

When the portrait of a writer was prefixed to his book, as was generally the case with early portraits, few being published separately, the panegyrist frequently resorted for a climax to a reference to the work itself, as in the Droeshout Portrait of Shakespeare. In the same way Wren’s well known epitaph in his own building of St Paul’s is

“Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice!”

Under the portrait of an obscure author, one Matthew Stephenson, engraved by R. Gaywood—prefixed to a Play—are these lines:—

“ The printer’s profit, not my pride,
Hath this Idea signify’d :
For he pushed out the merry play,
And Mr. Gaywood made it gay.”

Neither of them so fortunate as Manager Rich and the Poet, of whose “ Beggars’ Opera ” it was said that “it made Gay rich and Rich gay.”

To the Poems of Sir Aston Cockain, who died 1684, aged 78, is prefixed a laurelled bust of the author under which are written—it is hoped by the bookseller, not the Poet—these lines, which smell more of beer than nectar :

“ Come, reader, draw thy purse and be a guest
To our Parnassus, ’tis the Muses’ feast,
The entertainment needs must be divine ;
Apollo’s the host, where Cockain’s head’s the sign.”

In the reign of Charles the second lived Master Lionel Lockyer whose portrait and whose pills long survived him. He was born in 1599, lived to the mature age of 72, and was buried at St Saviour’s, Southwark. To his portrait are affixed four verses, and to his tomb a long epitaph, from which I must take the following as a specimen :—

“ His virtues and his pills are so well known
That envy can’t confine them under stone :
But they’ll survive his dust, and not expire
Till all things else at th’ universal fire.”

The pills certainly had something more of immortality than many poets' bays, for they were still to be had a century afterwards at Mr. Nicoll, the book-seller's shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, and they may probably yet be 'kept in stock' somewhere in that locality. Another maker of pills may be mentioned simply for the sake of his rhymes, though in his time Dr. Case (or *Caseus*) thought himself, as did others, "quite the *cheese*."

He was living in 1697 at Lyme Regis ; as might be known, by those who could run and read, from this inscription over his door :—

" Within this place
Lives Dr. Case."

The inscription on his pill-boxes was a longer flight, and quite takes away one's breath, though it is not burthened with the best grammar or quantities :—

" Here's fourteen pills for thirteen-pence!
Enough in any man's own con-sci-ence!"

Among wonderful curers, who are common to all ages, and will be recalled by portraits of Valentine Greatrakes, Dr. Case, Mesmer, Hahneman, the various supporters of the great Tar-Water cure of

Bishop Berkeley,* &c., there seems to have been a person contemporary with Greatrakes, who had a “sympathetical power” that did not even require the presence of the patient. Signore Cesare Morelli, a musician, writing to Pepys when the latter had a fever, 11th April, 1681, says, “if by chance it should vex you longer, there is here a man that can cure it with sympathetical power, if you please to send me down the paringhs of the nailes of both your hands and your foots, and 3 locks of hair of the top of your crown. I hope, with the Grace of God, it will cure you !” Mr. Pepys was cured, but whether he sent the nailes, &c. there is no evidence to show. These inscriptions to portraits, which sometimes have so much the character of epitaphs were, like epitaphs, sometimes written by the subject of the verses —as Le Sage wrote for his tombstone :—

“Sous ce tombeau, git Le Sage, abattu
Par le ciseau de la Parque importune ;
S'il ne fut pas ami de la fortune
Il fût toujours ami de la vertu!”

* On this, the following epigram was made at the time:—

“Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done?
The Church shall rise and vindicate her son:
She tells us, all her Bishops shepherds are—
And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar.”

Tom Killigrew, from the inscription to his portrait, where he is dressed as a pilgrim, would seem not to be on such good terms with himself as Le Sage :—

“ You see my face, and if you'd know my mind
‘Tis this: I hate myself, and all mankind.”

But this relates to one of the mad pranks of this maddest of the mad wits of the court of Charles II. Tom Killigrew, who, according to Pepys, “ hath a fee out of the Wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of the King's Foole or Jester; and may revile or jeere anybody, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place”—once used the following expedient to admonish the King of his extreme negligence in regard to the affairs of the kingdom.

“ He dressed himself,” says Granger, “ in a pilgrim's habit, went into the King's chambers, and told him that he hated himself and the world, that he was resolved immediately to leave it, and was then entering upon a pilgrimage to hell. The King asked him what he proposed to do there. He said to speak to the Devil to send Oliver Cromwell to take care of the English Government, as he had observed with regret, that his successor was always employed in other business.” The King did not

profit by the visit, but Killigrew did not *immediately* start for the place he had designated.

He is said to have tried at least once more to reform the King, but does not appear to have tried the force of example as well as precept. Let Mr. Pepys tell the story of the second ineffectual fire :—

“ 1666, Dec. 8.—Mr. Pierce did also tell me as a great truth, as being told it by Mr. Cowley, who was by and heard it, that Tom Killigrew should publickly tell the king that his matters were coming into a very ill state ; but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, ‘ there is a good, honest, able man that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ and command to see all things well executed, things would soon be mended ; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment ; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.’ ” Pepys gives us a funny anecdote, apropos to the youth of Tom Killigrew. No wonder when he was at Venice even the Venetians were horrified at his devilish doings and memorialized the ambassador to obtain his recall. It is Sir J. Minnes who gives to Pepys the anecdote of Thomas Killigrew’s way of getting

to see plays when he was a boy. “He would go to the Red Bull [the playhouse in Clerkenwell] and when the man cried to the boys, ‘Who’ll go and be a devil?—he shall see the play for nothing,’—then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays.” A very good school, Master Collier would say, to teach him the life he often led in the Devil’s Court!

IV.

On Engraved Portraits, and their Inscriptions.

(CONTINUED.)



E smile at the hyperbolic encomia lavished on great men, but more frequently on the illustrious obscure, by contemporaries, but the examples I have given are perhaps outdone by the following, which appears at the foot of a portrait, dated 1649 :—

“ If Rome unto her conqu’ring Cæsars raise
Rich obelisks to crown their deathless praise ;
What monument to thee must Albion rear
To show thy motion in a brighter sphere ?
This Art’s too dull to do’t ; ‘tis only done
Best by thyself ; so lights the world the sun.
We may admire thy face, the sculptor’s art,
But we are extasy’d at th’ inward part.”

These be brave words, my masters ! Do you ask to what “conqu’ring Cæsar” they apply ? They were written in praise of one Richard Elton, who wrote a book on the “Art Military,” the “inward part” of which not having read, I can the better perhaps

believe in the “extasy’d” condition of those who have. But perhaps you will object to this that it is only the obscurity of the person panegyrized, that makes the wonder! Here then is “higher game!” This is from a monody, pumped from the lowest depths of Bathos, on the death of Queen Elizabeth. The whole is preserved by Camden, and considered by him to be ‘truly doleful’:—

“ The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall;
At every stroke the oars did tears let fall:
More clung about the barge; fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swome blind after.
I think the barge-men might with easier thighs
Have row’d her thither in her people’s eyes;
For howsoe’er, thus much my thoughts have scan’d,
Shad come by water, had she come by land.”

I am afraid, despite the grief of her subjects, their tears would scarcely have floated the Queen to her haven of rest, unless she could have been as easily accommodated as a personage of whom a poet of the next century thus sings:—

“ An ancient Sigh he sits upon
Whose memory of sound is long since gone.”

Portraits in old times very frequently were the means of perpetuating, by the introduction of an emblem or incident in the back-ground, as a battle, a large book with title displayed, an axe and block, &c.

some extraordinary event in the life or death of the person represented. Thus, when Sir Henry, the father of the Sir Thomas Wyatt, now known to us principally by his poems, was confined in the Tower by Richard III., it is recorded that he was preserved from starvation there by a cat, that used to bring him a pigeon every day from a neighbouring dovecot. This is detailed fully in a MS. volume of family papers quoted by Mr. Bruce in the Gentleman's Magazine, and, it is added, "Sir Henry, in his prosperity, for this would ever make much of cats, as other men of spaniels or hounds, and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him!" Notwithstanding the implied great number of the portraits of Sir Henry Wyatt, I am not aware that there is one now to be seen, and certainly there is no old print of him, so that it would be difficult to identify his cat. The portrait of Sir Richard Whittington, by Elstracke, was published at first with his hand resting on a skull, but Dick Whittington without his cat was not to be submitted to by the public, so the skull was converted by the magic of the burin into a cat, and all was well. Some collectors, however, of the present day prefer

an impression of the print, when they can get it, with the skull. There are very few known.

The Earl of Southampton, (Henry Wriothesly), the patron of Shakespeare, is painted with his cat, his companion in the Tower, now in the Duke of Portland's collection. And in the picture of Sir Henry Lee, in the same collection, is a dog, which, "though not previously a favourite, yet, on one occasion saved his master from the hands of an assassin. Hence the point of the motto inscribed on the painting,

"More faithful than favoured!" "

As regards 'background' battles, naval fights, &c. French portraits certainly, for their number and prominence, bear away the palm from English portraits. Hogarth has satirized the French style of his time in the portraits he has represented in his pictures of the Marriage à la Mode. There is a portrait of the Count de Maurepas, after Van Loo, by Petit, which is quite a model specimen of this sort of work, and it is interesting for the audacity of the flattery. Jean Frederic Phelypeaux, Count de Maurepas, was born in 1701. In the seventeenth year of his age he was named Secretary of State, by the favour

of the Duke of Orleans, and at the age of twenty-two was placed at the head of the Admiralty. It shows the effrontery with which those things were done (only in France !) that the Duke of Orleans did not scruple, in his celebrated pasquinade, to speak of the incompetence of the persons he had himself promoted. This pasquinade, the Duke of Orleans, in a large company of ladies, noblemen, men of letters, and artists, assembled at the house of Madame d'Auvergne, pretended had been recently published against himself and his administration. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "the French are extremely malicious in publishing the most severe libels against me and the ministers. They feign that the Czar of Russia, finding the French government wiser than those of the other nations which he has visited, has just sent an envoy, express, to request the assistance of my counsels. The ambassador makes me a flattering eulogium on the part of his master, to which I reply." And then the Duke read a speech he was supposed to have made, describing his character in no flattering terms, which served as some excuse for introducing those of the other ministers. That of Maurepas is thus given, as in reply to the Russian

Ambassador: "I should be happy to be useful to his Czarish Majesty ; but I trust he will have the goodness to wait until I am acquainted with business. I have sense, an inclination to learn, and love for the King and the State ; but I am just come from school, and have seen no other vessel than one which ascended the Seine, two years ago, and those of two feet high which are made to amuse boys of my age. I do not, however, despair of one day rendering myself serviceable to his Czarish Majesty ; but I have hitherto only been a lively and mischievous boy." The Duke having in such a style drawn the characters of the rest, concluded—"and so the Ambassador, having run the round of the Ministry without gaining any knowledge, returned to his Court as wise as he came !" Now, the portrait of Maurepas I speak of represents him at full length in a gorgeous embroidered coat, decorated with the star of the order of the St. Esprit, and standing in a large apartment splendidly furnished à la Louis quinze, through an open window of which is seen a naval battle going on, with a good deal of smoke, whilst the Minister points placidly to the engagement, and smilingly seems to say, "Voila ! La guerre—c'est moi !"

Another ‘speaking’ portrait of the French school that may be cited as a good example of a ‘furniture’ portrait is that of Jean Baptiste Rousseau, who is represented every inch a ‘poet’—with pen in hand, dress disordered, his eye in a ‘fine frenzy rolling,’ and his table covered with books and papers tossed about in wild confusion—like his thoughts. This is after Aved, by Daullé. The painters in France who excelled in subjects of this kind were principally Rigaud, Van Loo, and others of that school. In England, fortunately, we had better examples to follow in the pictures of Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, etc., though Vandyke, of course, is far superior to any of those who succeeded him. Many engravings, however, follow the French manner, though in a coarser style. One of the portraits of Hugh Peters represents him turning an hour-glass (which used to be a usual appendage to a pulpit, as timing the sermon,) and the words “I know you are good fellows, stay and take t’other glass.” Apropos to this print, Granger quotes from Sir John Birkenhead a description of the style of preaching of an ‘Assembly-man.’—“His whole prayer is such an irrational bleating that, (without a metaphor) ’tis the calves of his lips. He uses fine new words, as

savingable, muchly, Christ-Jesusness ; and yet he has the face to preach against prayer in an unknown tongue. Sometimes he's foundered ; and then there is a hideous coughing ; but that's very seldom, for he can glibly run over nonsense, as an empty cart trundles down a hill. His usual auditory is most part female, and as many sisters flock to him as at Paris on St. Margaret's Day."

[For much the same reason that the ladies of Athens sacrificed to Latona.] The coughing here alluded to was not always used to conceal a void. It was affected by some preachers of this and an earlier period—and is not altogether unknown at the present day—to give emphasis to particular passages of their sermons, just as some actors make a pause before delivering a 'point' so that their audience may be prepared. In a sermon preached at Bruges by Oliver Maillard, published 1500, the words *hem, hem, hem*, are actually printed where a cough was designed. Dr. South, in one of his sermons, where he mentions the simplicity of St. Paul's language, says "This was the way of the Apostle's discoursing of things sacred. Nothing here of the *fringes of the North Star* ; nothing of *nature becoming unnatural* ; nothing of the *down*

of angels' wings, or the beautiful locks of cherubim ; no starched similitudes introduced with a *thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion*, and the like ; no, these were sublimities above the rise of the Apostolic spirit.”* But such sublimities, and worse, were common not only among the Puritans but preachers generally in the seventeenth century. In a sermon of Hugh Peters on Psalm cvii. verse 7. “He led them forth by the right way,” etc., he told his congregation that God was 40 years leading Israel through the wilderness to Canaan, which was not 40 days march ; but that God’s right way was a great way about. He then made a circumflex on his cushion, and said that the Israelites were led *crinkledum cum crankedum*. Almost worse is the following specimen of bad taste, though privately shown, on the part of those who were the first to decry exhibitions of bad taste in the pulpit by the Puritans. Pepys, in May 1669, mentions hearing a mock sermon preached behind a chair, caricaturing the Scotch Presbyterians, with ‘ grimaces and voice,’ by one Cornet Bolton, at Lambeth, before the Archbishop and a company of about twenty gentlemen. This was after dinner, and the Archbishop

* South’s Sermons, vol. v. p. 493.

"took care to have the room-door shut," but Pepys "did wonder to have the Bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind, but I perceive it was shown him as a rarity." It is, however, a curious illustration of the manners and taste of the time! From another source we find that Sir William Petty, the great mechanician, was equally accomplished as a mimic of various styles of preaching. He would take a text and preach, "now like a grave orthodox divine, then falling into the Presbyterian way, then to the phanatical, the quaker, the monk and frier, the Popish priest, with much admirable action and alteration of voice and tone, as it was not possible to abstain from wonder, and one would swear to hear several persons, or forbear to think he were not in good earnest an enthusiast and almost beside himself."

This Sir William Petty was also a Doctor of Physic, and became famous for having restored to life a young woman, one Anne Green, who had been executed at Oxford, Dec. 14, 1650. The body "having been begged, as the custom was, for the anatomic lecture, he bled her, put her to bed to a warm woman, and with spirits and other meanes restored her to life. The young scolars joined and made her a little por-

tion, and married her to a man who had children by her, she living fifteen years after.”*† But to resume:—Perhaps it may be said of many of the various styles of the sermons of these preachers, as Charles II. is recorded to have said of one in his time, whom he did not like, but who was much praised.

* Evelyn’s Memoirs, i. 473.

† This remarkable fact is detailed with more circumstance in Dr. Plot’s History of Oxfordshire, where we find the names of Dr. Willis and Mr. Clarke, associated with Sir William Petty. According to Dr. Plot, she died at Steeple-Barton, in 1659, and it adds to the interest of the story, to know that she was proved innocent of the crime for which she had been condemned to death. A similar case occurred eight years later, when a woman, after having been hanged, was, after some hours, restored to life; but the next night, by order of the bailiff of Oxford, she was “barbarously dragged to Gloucester Green, and there hanged upon the arm of a tree till she was dead.” These and similar cases of resuscitation—of which the records of drowning furnish an immense number—remind one of many anecdotes of suspended animation from ordinary illness, whence it seems very certain that great numbers have been buried in that state, aware in some instances of all that is going on, but unable to express the least consciousness. The cases of Aviola and Laminus, recorded by Pliny, Valerius Maximus, &c., who being supposed to be dead, and carried to the funeral pyre, recovered sufficiently on the flames reaching them to cry out and struggle, but were unable to be saved, may be put aside, together with Erus Armenius and others, who recovered after being supposed to be dead many days, as being scarcely within credible records, though we might believe the facts as well as others noted by writers of that age. Of more recent times the cases recorded are numerous, as of the Spanish nobleman, who was restored to life by the knife of Vesalius, as his body was

by his congregation : “ Ah, I suppose his non-sense suits their nonsense.” But in many of these cases it is only a matter of taste, and that which we don’t like ourselves is declared by us to be bad ; as some one whose name I forget, perhaps the Rev.

about to be opened, and of William, Earl of Pembroke, who was roused from a fit of apoplexy, and raised his hand when cut open to be embalmed, but not soon enough to save his life (April 10th, 1630), and of many others. One of the most remarkable cases of this kind—besides that of the wife of the Cripplegate shoemaker, who was saved by the sexton cutting off her finger to get her ring, as detailed in Maitland’s History of London, and which appears to have been thought good enough to be repeated as a legend pertaining to a dozen other places in England,—is that of the Count Tatoriedus, as given by Zwinglius, who, “ being seized with the plague in Burgundy, was supposed to die thereof, and was put into a coffin to be carried to the sepulchre of his ancestors, which was distant from that place about twenty miles. Night coming on, the corpse was disposed of in a barn, and there attended by some rustics. These perceived a great quantity of fresh blood to drain through the chinks of the coffin: whereupon they opened it, and found that the body was wounded by a nail that was driven into the shoulder through the coffin, and that the wound was much torn by the jogging of the chariot he was carried in; but withal they discovered that the natural heat had not left his breast. They took him out, and, laying him before the fire, he recovered as out of a deep sleep, ignorant of all that had passed.” He afterwards married, and his granddaughter was, in the time of Zwinglius, the wife of the chief pastor of St. Mary’s Church, at Basle.—These cases, recorded in works more or less authentic, may be reckoned by hundreds, and have recently been recalled by a remarkable personal history, related in the French Senate by the sufferer himself. I will give this as noted in one of the daily papers (*The Standard*, March 4, 1866) :—

Sidney Smith, being asked the difference between Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy—said, “Orthodoxy is my doxy—Heterodoxy is another man’s doxy.”

Some of the most objectionable styles of that period are still from time to time revived, as in America (in the present day) and on the Surrey side of the Thames. We have heard lately of a popular preacher rushing down the pulpit stairs

“The French law requires the burial of a deceased person to take place at the outside 36 hours after the decease. A petition was laid before the Senate pointing out that the delay was insufficient, that there were many cases of ‘suspended animation;’ and, to avoid the risk of being buried alive, urging some modification of the law. The representative of the Government, M. Rouland, and Viscount de la Gueronnière opposed the prayer of the petition, and it no doubt would have been consigned to the waste paper basket, but the petitioner found an unexpected supporter in the person of Cardinal Donnet, the Archbishop of Bordeaux. It seems that upwards of 40 years ago, soon after he had taken orders, he fell into a kind of trance, which, although he retained consciousness, all those about him mistook for death. The doctor regularly certified to his demise, he heard and felt the carpenters taking the measure for his coffin, he witnessed, without being able to move, his own funeral service, but luckily awoke in time. He, therefore, warmly supported the prayer of the petition, which was thereupon referred to the Government, with the hope that means would be taken to render impossible the recurrence of such fearful mistakes. There can be no doubt that a great many people are literally put to death by being interred while only in a trance, and if, as in the case of Cardinal Donnet, they retain consciousness, it is difficult to imagine death under a more appalling form.”

to show how facile is the descent to hell, and puffing and blowing up again to exemplify the toilsome path to Heaven. And recently one of these "populars" in America began his sermon with a quotation from Phil. iv. 13, "I can do all things." "No," says he, "no, you can't, Paul. 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.' Ah! ah! Paul, that's quite another thing," etc. etc. This seems to have been suggested by that fine sermon of Sterne's on Ecclesiastes vii. 2, 3, which begins, "*It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.*" "That, I deny—but let us hear the wise man's reasoning upon it—'*for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart : sorrow is better than laughter*'—for a crack'd brain'd order of Carthusian Monks, I grant, but not for men of the world. For what purpose do you imagine has God made us? For the social sweets of the well-watered vallies where he has planted us, or for the dry and dismal deserts of the Sierra Morena? Are the sad accidents of life, and the uncheery hours which perpetually overtake us, are they not enough, but we must sally forth in quest of them, belye our own hearts, and say, as your text would have us, that they are better than those of joy?" And so he

goes on, in the second of Yorick's sermons, leading his hearers through the house of feasting and the house of mourning, till at last he lands them in the text:—“Not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow, I own, has no use but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.”

And so cheerfulness, oddity, surprise, and even jokes in the pulpit may have their use, but they are dangerous weapons and should be carefully handled. As a matter of taste they are generally repugnant to the audience, though some people get used to the company of loaded blunderbusses and rather like it.

As the father advised his son to get money, honestly if possible, but to get money,—so some preachers seem to lay down this rule: “Get souls,—seriously if you can—but get souls!” To this end, as popular tunes were said by a famous preacher to be ‘too good for the devil,’ hymns were set to the liveliest and most genteelst of tunes, as well as sometimes to those sung to the most licentious songs. Rowland Hill sung ‘Rule Emmanuel’ to the tune of ‘Rule Britannia,’

and other hymns have been set to some of Moore's Melodies. Perhaps I ought to apologize for this long digression on such a subject, but I hope I may be excused, as it has led to the notice of those trenchant but now neglected sermons of Sterne, who, whether he was in earnest or not, original or not, was always powerful and affecting. His portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which has been well engraved in mezzotint by E. Fisher, and by Ravenet in a little print done for Tonson's edition of the Sermons, is wonderfully expressive, but implies more wit and penetration than intellect or sensibility. In a bust of him by Roubiliac, taken at a later period of his life, and of which there is an engraving, the coarseness of the mouth is diminished, and a thoughtful tenderness expressed in the upper part of the face gives value to the humour and vivacity playing about the lips.

V.

On Engraved Portraits,
and their Inscriptions,
with Remarks on Plagiarisms.



O return to our inscriptions, and to certain plagiarisms suggested by them, of which, perhaps, Sterne has put me in mind. The portrait of Col. Giles Strangeways by Loggan, about 1670, is noticeable for having an inscription which contains a line which must have been the original of almost the only one that survives of Theobald's.

“ The rest Fame speaks, and makes his virtues known,
By’s zeal for the church and loyalty to the throne.
The artist in his draught doth art excel,
None but himself, himself can parallel.
But if his steel could his great mind express,
That would appear in a much nobler dress.”

Theobald’s line,

“ *None but himself can be his parallel,*”

is in his “ Double Falsehood,” and may well be called “ profundity itself;” unless, as Pope suggests, the showman’s encomium on his Elephant “ as the

bigest in the fair except himself,"* may be thought a deeper depth. An earlier instance of the use of this expression even than the print here noticed is in Massinger's 'The Duke of Milan,' act iv. sc. 3.,

" And, but herself, admits no parallel,"

which is given in Mr. Grocott's "Index to Familiar Quotations." It is curious to trace some of these well known lines beyond their reputed authors. The verses supposed to originate with Butler,

" He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again,"

are *not* in the Hudibras ; and lines very similar are traced to a much earlier author. In the apophthegmes of Erasmus, by N. Udall, 12mo. London, 1542, we have,

" That same man that raneth awaie
May againe fight an other daie."

* This may be matched by an expression of William Browne's. In "Britannia's Pastorals," Book iii. Song 1 (about 1616), he says,

" This Mushrome
Serv'd for a Table : then a little Elfe
(*If possible, farre lesser then it selfe*)
Brought in the covering, made of white rose leaves."

The lines in Hudibras, Part i. Canto iii, 607, &c. are

“ In all the trade of war nofeat
Is nobler than a brave retreat :
For those that run away and fly
Take place at least o’ th’ enemy.”

(The last two lines were added in the edition of 1674.)

And in Part 3, Canto iii, lines 241, &c. we have,

“ To make an honourable retreat
And wave a total sure defeat :
For those that fly may fight again
Which he can never do that’s slain.”

A question then arises on the point as to who first used the lines as *usually quoted* (the sentiment being as old as Demosthenes). Goldsmith quotes them, evidently from memory, as from Hudibras, in a work entitled “The art of Poetry on a new plan,” 1762. But they have been found in an earlier work. Mr. Middleton of Salisbury, with whose name I associate much pleasant gossip about old books and old pictures, during a friendship of many years, discovered them in an edition of “Ray’s History of the Rebellion,” printed at Bristol 1752, and they appear also in another edition printed at York 1749.

In this work they read—

“ He that fights and runs away
May *turn* and fight another day :
But he that is in battle slain
Will never *rise* to fight again.”

Sir John Mennis, who published a book called "Musarum Deliciae," 1656, has been stated to have written the lines much as they are now quoted, but the book is exceedingly scarce, and some obscurity attaches to the statement. The lines are not to be found in any of the editions in the British Museum. What I have ventured to say about this would not be complete without the anecdote given by Thomas Byerley, which is as follows: "These lines are almost universally supposed to form a part of Hudibras; and so confident have even scholars been on the subject, that in 1784 a wager was made at Bootle's, of twenty to one that they were to be found in that inimitable poem. Dodsley was referred to as the arbiter, when he ridiculed the idea of consulting him on the subject, saying 'Every fool knows they are in Hudibras!' George Selwyn, who was present, said to Dodsley, 'Pray, Sir, will you be good enough, then, to inform an old fool, who is at the same time your wise worship's very humble servant, in what canto they are to be found?' Dodsley took down the volume, but he could not find the passage; the next day came, but with no better success; and the sage bibliopole was obliged to confess that a man might be ignorant of the author of this well

known couplet without being absolutely a fool.”—As a note to Hudibras let me add this extract from our friend Pepys’s Diary, 1662, Dec. 26:—“To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Buttersly; and we falling into a discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called Hudibras, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2*s* 6*d*. But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting a Mr. Townsend at dinner I sold it to him for 18*d*.”—Pepys tried this book again some months after, finding it stood its ground; and again on the publication of the Second Part, but he evidently never took kindly to it: and, if everybody would speak out like him, we should find that he was not alone in his glory. The popularity of Butler, even in his own time, was perhaps simply the popularity of a few odd and very quotable couplets; and it is certain that, even if some people may be supposed to have read his poem through, he was himself much neglected and died poor—although a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. This contrast between the poverty of his life, and his grandeur when dead, occasioned the following epigram:—

" While Butler, needy wretch ! was still alive,
 No gen'rous patron would a dinner give.
 See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
 Presented with a monumental bust !
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown ;
 He ask'd for bread,—and he receiv'd a stone !"

Mr. Middleton has also pointed out that the lines of Defoe, in the 'True Born Englishman':—

" It is the *Devil's* policy that where
 God hath his Church, *his* Chapell should be there,"

are almost identical with two lines which appear in Charles Aleyn's remarkable Poem of Henry the Seventh, 1638, (p. 136)—

" Wherever God erects a house of prayer
 The Devil always builds a chapel there:"

and in George Herbert's 'Jacula Prudentum' the same thought occurs :—" No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by."

The cases of identity of thought and expression among poets are many and striking, and convict many great men of plagiarism, though in some cases it was doubtless an unconscious fault, the writer perhaps repeating some proverbial expression or 'household word,' that required at the time no acknowledgment. Gray's lines,

" Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"—

are very like Pope's in the Rape of the Lock :—

“ These kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.”

Lord Palmerston's ‘Fortuitous Concourse of Atoms,’ is in a translation of Cicero's “*De Natura Deorum*,” 1741 ; and Mr. Disraeli's short way of expressing a ‘break,’ viz. : ‘a solution of continuity,’ is to be found in Burke “*On the French Revolution*.” Even the originality, or the paternity rather, of the Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, usually ascribed to Ben Jonson, but mentioned in the *Spectator* as being by an ‘uncertain’ author, has been challenged ! In a MS. collection of Epitaphs and minor poems, by William Browne, in the Lansdown MSS. British Museum, this Epitaph appears, with the following additional stanza :—

“ Marble piles let no man raise
To her name for after days ;
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.”

And it seems very probable that the epitaph was by Browne, for the date of the title to the MS. collection of his poems above mentioned, is 1650. The writing is evidently of the same period, and

among the poems are many with reference to the Pembroke family, including a long elegy of 200 lines on the Countess of Pembroke, and the following two epitaphs :—

(1) "ON THE RIGHT HON. SUSAN COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERIE.

Though we trust the earth with thee,
 We will not with thy memorie :
 Mines of brass or marble shall
 Speak nought of thy funeral:
 They are veryer dust than we
 And do beg a historye—
 In thy Name there is a Tombe,
 If the world can give it room,
 For a Vere and Herbert's wife
 Outspeaks all tombes, outlives all life."

(2) "AN EPITAPH ON MR. JOHN SMYTHE, CHAPLAIN TO THE
 RIGHT HON. THE EARLE OF PEMBROKE.

1624.

Know thou that treadst on learned Smythe inurn'd,
 Man is an hourre-glasse that is never turn'd:
 He is gone through; and we that stay behind
 Are in the upper glasse yet unrefined:
 When we are fit with him, so truly just,
 We shall fall down and sleep with him in dust."

The date of this collection, and the similarity of style in the verses here quoted, would leave little doubt of Browne being the author of the lines ascribed to Jonson, besides which they were only first printed as Jonson's in the edition of his works

published in 1692. As they are quoted by Addison, in the *Spectator*, as being by an 'uncertain' author, it implies that he did not consider them to be by Jonson. I will add here, from this MS. collection of Browne's, some lines that bear a great similarity to those of Ben Jonson quoted at page 49, and on which might be raised another interesting literary discussion :—

"AN EPITAPH ON MRS. EL. Y.

Underneath this stone there lyes
More of beauty than are eyes
Or to read that she is gone
Or alive to gaze upon.
She in so much fairness play'd
As each grace a virtue had:
All her goodness cannot be
Put in marble. Memorie
Would be useless ere we toll
In a stone her worth. Farewell."

The four lines on Transubstantiation, usually ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, are well known, and perhaps no part of history is more implicitly believed in at school, or better remembered by us—but they are, to say the least, suspicious. Hume, alluding to the prudence and cleverness of Elizabeth in concealing her religious sentiments before she came to the throne, gives this note from Sir Richard Baker. "The common net at that time for catching

of Protestants was the real presence ; and this net was used to catch the Lady Elizabeth. For being asked one time, what she thought of the words of Christ, '*This is my body,*' whether she thought it the true body of Christ that was in the sacrament, it is said that, after some pausing, she thus answered :—

‘Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it,
And what that word did make it,
That I believe and take it.’”

Walpole (Royal and Noble Authors) quotes these lines without any apparent misgiving ; but they are to be found in Donne’s ‘Divine Poems.’ Donne was not born when the Princess Elizabeth is stated to have uttered the verses, so that she could not have quoted from him. Did he quote from her ? Or did Elizabeth merely give the answer in different words, which answer was afterwards put into rhyme by Donne ? Or did Sir Richard Baker, whose authority was so great with Sir Roger de Coverley, make up the story with the help of Donne’s book ? That could not be ! Baker’s Chronicle was published 1643. The lines were first printed as Donne’s in the edition of his works published in 1669 (page 387). In the

edition of 1633 only a portion of what were afterwards styled his ‘Divine Poems,’ appeared; but these lines might have been circulated in MS. The lines are as above quoted, except that “He” is used instead of “Christ,” and the last line begins “I do believe.” Burnet says nothing of them. Had Elizabeth really composed them I think Burnet would scarcely have passed them over in silence as coming from her, although as from Donne he was not called on to notice them. Nor does Bacon in his ‘Character of Queen Elizabeth’ say anything of this, although, speaking of the Queen’s moderation and cautiousness in point of religion, he gives an anecdote that must have recalled the other had he known of it. He says, “In the beginning of her reign when, according to the custom, the prisoners were to be released, to grace and honour her first accession to the Throne; as she was going to Chapel she was accosted by a certain courtier, who took more than ordinary freedom, being of a pleasant and facetious nature. He, either prompted to it by his own private inclination, or set on by a wiser head, delivered a Petition into her hand, and in a full concourse of people, with a loud voice, expressed himself thus: ‘That

there were still four or five kept prisoners, and that for no reason at all : that he came to petition for their freedom as well as for the rest. That they were the four Evangelists and the Apostle St. Paul, who had been long confined in an unknown tongue, as it were in a Prison, and were not suffered to appear abroad in the World.' The Queen gave him this very cautious reply, 'That it was best to consult them first, whether they were willing to have their freedom yet, or no.' "

As examples of plagiarisms by great men—and indeed they are only remarkable as being by great men—I shall make no apology for introducing the following, which, though known to literary men, are not generally suspected.

Campbell's line,

"Like Angel-visits, few and far between,"

is a close copy from a thought in Blair's Grave,

" its visits,

Like those of angels, short and far between :"

and I think the copy is not an improvement on the original, which is the only excuse that can be made for the plagiarism of an original idea. Blair points to the short *duration* of the visit, whilst its infre-

quency is implied by the continuation of the line. Campbell simply iterates this implied infrequency by the word *few*.

The lines of Goldsmith,

“ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,”

are stolen from Young :—

“ Man wants but little nor that little long.”

But how few have suspected Shakspeare of a plagiarism in the verses,

“ Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven’s gate sings
And Phoebus ’gins arise”

The play of Cymbeline in which these appear was first published in 1605, twenty-one years after J. Lilly expressed (viz. in 1584) the original idea.

“ . . . Who is’t now we hear ?
None but the *lark* so shrill and clear :
Now at *heaven’s gate* she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark !”

There must be something very attractive in the epithet “ Heaven’s gate,” as applied to the Zenith, for another great poet adopted it—

“ . . . Ye birds
That singing up to heaven’s gate ascend.”

MILTON.

Those exquisite lines, at least the first five of the

following, by Bishop Percy, in his ballad of ‘the Friar of Orders gray,’

“ Weep no more, lady, weep no more ;
 Thy sorrow is in vain :
 For violets pluck’d, the sweetest shower
 Will ne’er make grow again.

Our joys as wingèd dreams do fly,
 Why then should sorrow last ?
 Since grief but aggravates the loss,
 Grieve not for what is past,”—

are taken, but improved in melody, from the ‘sad song’ in ‘The Queen of Corinth,’ by Fletcher :—

“ Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
 Sorrow calls no time that’s gone :
 Violets pluck’d, the sweetest raine
 Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
 Trim thy looks, look cheerefully ;
 Fate’s hidden ends eyes cannot see.
 Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
 Why should sadness longer last ?
 Griefe is but a wound to woe ;
 Gentlest fair, mourne, mourne no moe.”

Act iii. Sc. 2.

The iteration in the first line of Percy’s stanza recalls Shakspeare’s song in ‘Much Ado about Nothing’:—

“ Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,” which indeed is given almost bodily, with others from Shakspeare, in other parts of the Poem. It is true Percy acknowledges that he has only strung

together fragments of old songs and woven them into a story, but few know of this explanation, and the plagiarism is scarcely lessened by the confession, nor is the act justified.

Raffaelle, Rubens, and other great painters have been equally guilty of plagiarisms, and justification has been pleaded, because they needed not have taken of meaner men, as if a theft by a wealthy person were less an offence than that by a starving wretch; but, as Owen Felltham says, "there is no cheating, like the Felonie of wit; He that theeves that, robs the owner, and coozens those that hear him."

I believe the similarity of thought, so very striking, between Goldsmith's admired dedication of his 'Deserted Village' to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Bacon's dedication of his 'Essays' to Sir John Constable, has not before been noticed.

Goldsmith says:—"The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you." Bacon's to Sir John Constable runs thus:—"My last Essaies I dedicated to my deare brother Master Anthony Bacon. . . . Missing my brother, I found you next." This is the dedication to the fourth Edition of the 'Essays,'

but the idea of the same cumulative or rather comparative compliment is again expressed in the dedication of the ninth edition to the Duke of Buckingham :— “My ‘Instauration’ I dedicated to the KING ; my ‘History of Henry VIII.’ and my ‘Portions of Natural History’ to the PRINCE ; and these [Essays] I dedicate to YOUR GRACE.”—If we acknowledge a plagiarism here, we must also acknowledge how the expression is improved by Goldsmith, verifying Johnson’s encomium in the celebrated Epitaph he wrote on his friend :—

“ *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*”

D’Israeli, in his ‘Curiosities of Literature,’ says, “Were we to investigate the genealogy of our best modern stories we should often discover the illegitimacy of our favourites ; and retrace them frequently to the East.” And there was lately a very sparkling article in the ‘London Review’ on the ‘Paternity of Anecdotes,’ proving how seldom is the real father known. For a long time it was assumed that the expression ‘Comparisons are odorous,’ was one of dear old Mrs. Malaprop’s. It is really Dogberry’s, as was pointed out some years since by a writer in the *Athenæum*. What, by the bye, is the age of the original saying, ‘Comparisons are odious’ ? It is one of those one-

sided proverbs that are usually very foolish, but it must be older at least than Shakspeare. Charles I. uses it in one of his letters to Mr. Henderson, in the year 1643. Shakspeare, of course, was earlier, viz. 1600, the date of the first edition of ‘*Much Ado about Nothing*;’ but it may be found also in Burton’s ‘*Anatomy of Melancholy*,’ in George Herbert’s ‘*Jacula Prudentum*,’ and in Heywood’s ‘*A Woman killed with kindness*,’ and probably is very much older. Of course comparisons are generally ‘odious’ to one party, as *Thomas* Corneille, the brother of the celebrated *Pierre*, and an emulator of his fame in the same pursuit, must have experienced on seeing inscribed under his portrait the following verses, by Gaçon :—

“Voyant le portrait de Corneille,
Gardez-vous de crier merveille;
Et dans vos transports n’allez pas
Prendre ici *Pierre* pour *Thomas*.”

VI.

Portraits and Portrait Painters.

VELYN, in his ‘Sculptura,’ quoting from Horace, says that Alexander the Great ordained that no one should take his portrait on *gems* but Pyrgoteles; no one should *paint* him but Apelles; and no one should stamp his head on *coins* but Lysippus. They were in fact Painters, &c. ‘in ordinary to the King, by appointment,’ as Sir Thomas Lawrence and other painters of a later day, though the ‘appointment’ in the Greek Court was of a more exclusive character. We have no remains of the work of Apelles, but the *gems* and *coins* of Alexander are superb, and quite excuse the monopoly. Alexander, by the bye, was the first king who had his portrait impressed on coins, only the Gods having that honour previous to his assumed deification in the temple of Jupiter Ammon. The generals of Alexander, as they procured to themselves the title of king, assumed the privilege of having their portraits stamped on their coins, and so the practice

became a custom. Queen Elizabeth tried ineffectually to prevent her sacred features being distorted and multiplied by bad pictures. She ordered Isaac Oliver to paint her without any shadows, thinking, I suppose, by that means to soften the asperity of her remarkably high nose ; but Isaac Oliver was not the only artist who attempted the portrait of the Queen, and it was not till she had reigned five years, by which time much of the mischief—or good—was done, that her Majesty thought of doing in a partial way what Alexander had done. There is extant a proclamation in the hand-writing of Cecil, dated 1563, which prohibits “all manner of persons to draw, paynt, grave, or pourtrayit hir majesty’s personage, or visage for a time, until by some perfect patron and example, the same may be by others followed, &c.—and for that hir majestie perceiveth that a grete nomber of hir loving subjects [not her majesty herself!] are much greved and take grete offence with the errors and deformities allredy committed by sondry persons in this behalf, she straightly chargeth all hir officers and ministers to see to the due observaunce hereof, and as soon as may be to reforme the errors allready committed,” &c. Although there are portraits of the Queen by

Ant. More, Hilliard, Zucchero, &c. it is probably the picture by Oliver which was preserved as the pattern or "patron," and the number copied from this or from some other picture, was so great, that "being called in and brought to Essex House (where the Earl of Leicester then lived) they did for several years furnish the pastry-men with peels for the use of their ovens." A great many must however, I am afraid, have escaped this sacrifice, for the number of portraits of Queen Elizabeth still in existence is uncountable, and for all that, among them is scarcely one good one! Perhaps 'free trade' in portraits—notwithstanding the apparent power of the Alexander argument to the contrary—is better after all than 'protection,' and it might have fared better with Elizabeth's portraits, had she submitted her features to the free and unfettered genius of the most renowned painters of all countries of her time. An old writer, Charles Aleyn, in a poem entitled 'The Historie of that wise and fortunate Prince Henrie, of that name the seventh, King of England,' 1638, which is full of 'high and quicke sentence,' in excuse for Henry's imperfections, says :—

"A constant cleernesse is above the law
Of Mortal, nor within that Region stands.

As those elaborate peeces, which doe draw
Breath from exact Van-Dyk's unerring hands
Are deeply shadow'd, and a duskie sable
Doth clow'd the borders of the curious table."

It would almost seem that a re-action from the shadowless pictures of Elizabeth had strongly set in, and that the *chiaro'scuro* of Vandyck was the great attraction of the new style of painting in England. Perhaps this may account for the 'duskie sable' of many of the second rate pictures of the succeeding period of the Commonwealth, when people appear generally to have sat for their portraits "to have them full of shadowe."

But compare those times with these! As respects the facilities for procuring portraits of celebrated characters, how great is the contrast between the present day and the days of Elizabeth and Charles, of Ashmole and Evelyn, when the publication of a portrait by Pass, by Faithorne, or by Blooteling, was an event of comparative rarity. The beautiful portraits so often published in the 'Illustrated London News,' make every one familiar with the features of our public men, or of men and women famous for their productions or actions, or otherwise worthy of public esteem. The art of wood-cutting has been brought to such perfection,

as well as the art of printing wood-engravings, that some of the best specimens of this style may rank with line engravings. What fine portraits, admirable in every point of view,—as likenesses, for form, character, and expression; as pictures, for arrangement and chiaro'scuro; and as engravings for clearness of line, brightness and depth, power and brilliancy,—are those, published in the above mentioned periodical, of Carlyle, Tennyson, Palmerston, &c. Printed separately, in the best style, they would form an admirable collection of Portraits of the leading men of the day, at a small charge, greatly different in comparison with that of the old engravers just alluded to. An impression of the portrait of Elias Ashmole, for instance, a bust by Faithorne, the cost of engraving which was but seven pounds, (the copper plate is in the Ashmolean Museum) if fine, will now sell for nearly as much; indeed one in an early state, which is extremely rare, before the addition of a sign of the Zodiac, (Gemini) engraved on the pedestal of the bust, is worth much more. The rarity of many of these old portraits is partly occasioned by the practice, once common, of cutting out the portraits prefixed to books, where they are most rightly placed, for

insertion in portfolio collections, to the injury and depreciation in value of many interesting works. It is a most uncommon thing now to find a fine impression of a portrait in an old book, only the bad impressions having escaped the rapacity of print collectors.

I wonder nobody has ever written a poem on Portraits. Almost every poet has had something to say on the subject, and yet each has contented himself with but a few lines, and in many cases these have been only the vehicle for mere inflated bombast or turgid artificial sentiment. Yet what a variety of natural thoughts are conjured up by the sight of a portrait! Tender, pathetic, grave, gay, humourous, every feeling of the heart, every quality of the mind, may be excited by portraits. The wonder of resemblance is the most impressive effect on the untutored. This is the sentiment prominently expressed by poets when they indite 'lines' on the subject, and then they branch off to inflated praises of the original, alternating with compliments to the artist, and—nothing more. Vanity seems the prevailing idea, and yet frequently that is the very idea that should find no place.

In the present era of Cartes de Visite it will

scarcely be understood how very vain people used to think they would be thought if they were to have their portraits taken! Montesquieu for a long time declined to be painted, until at last he was induced to sit to Dassier, on the artist using the argument, "Do you not think that there is as much pride in refusing my offer as in accepting it?" The portrait prefixed to his works seems to have been taken from the medal which Dassier made.

There is so much beneath the paint of a fine portrait that almost every such is a poem in itself, could we "observingly distil it out." If we read Cowper's thoughts on his mother's picture, we shall see how well he could have written a Poem on Portraits, had he thought of doing so; and, contrasting his feeling with the book-work of others—the coffee-house poets of his own and the preceding age—we may see the difference between nature and artificiality.

"ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK,
THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN BODHAM.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last;
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me:

Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
' Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the Art that can immortalize—
The Art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it—) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !'

No one can read these lines—let his mother be by his side, or far away, or for ever in this life parted from him—without feeling the sympathetic thrill of that ‘touch of nature’ common to us all.

Very different are the ordinary “Lines on seeing the portrait of —” to be found in Waller, Dryden, Congreve, Prior, Pope, etc., of which some specimens may be seen in other parts of these bits of “Gossip.”

What an attractive work we should have, could we collect anecdotes connected with the “sittings” to painters of celebrated men and women, or had artists preserved memorials of such sittings. It is true Mr. Secretary Pepys *almost* complains of the irksomeness of having his portrait painted.—“To Hales’s—and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by.” And many people seem to have had a great repugnance to having “their heads taken off;” but

generally the sitter is desirous to please, and to be pleased ; he is, in the case of the statesman or man of business, relieved from care, and agreeably resting at an unwonted time from his labours ; it is the duty of the painter to "draw him out" in more ways than one, but without pretence ; and with great painters and great sitters those hours in the painting-room ought to be among the most desired by the biographer.

De la Mottraye, in his letter to Voltaire respecting Charles XII. has some curious remarks about the portrait of the great Swede. He says, that Charles could never be persuaded to give any painter a sitting, but when he was at Lund, Mr Crafts, painter to the Royal Family, was sent thither by the Princess that he might paint his portrait. The King, however, declined, and commissioned Crafts simply to paint some of his horses. Crafts, though unused to such subjects, did his best, and the King used occasionally to visit him in his studio watching him finish his pictures. One morning he arrived unexpectedly, and saw on the easel his own portrait, which Crafts was craftily working at from memory. The painter removed it quickly, and placed it in a corner of the studio, and went on finishing one of

the horses ; but whilst he was so occupied, the King stole to the corner and cut the face of his portrait into pieces. Crafts appeared to take no notice, but when the King retired he put the pieces into a box, and on his return to Stockholm, he contrived to put them together, and to finish the portrait. The portraits most like the King (*les moins differens de l'original*) have been taken from this. Lord Carteret has one copy and Mr. William Finch another, painted by Crafts himself. La Mottraye adds some curious particulars as to the habits of the King during his campaigns ; his sleeping without a night-cap, never wearing slippers, standing "*chapeau sous le bras,*" etc., most of which particulars are now as well known in connection with Charles XII. as the crossed arms and cocked hat as part of Napoleon. Here is a story, however, not so generally known. When this hero, singular and extraordinary in all respects, was encamped in Saxony, Count Flemming was sent to him by the King Augustus on some business of importance. It snowed fast as the carriage approached the Royal tent, but the Count, dressed in a new coat, and with a splendid long peruke, descended and rushed to pay his respects to his Majesty. The King, however, came out of his

tent and gave him audience at the door, standing exposed to the snow that fell in large flakes. When at last a large pyramid of snow had formed on the Count's wig, the King said, "The snow continues—had we not better go in?" "I have been thinking so, sire," said the Count, "for the last quarter of an hour." "Then why did you not say so?" "Because, sire, I thought your Majesty, standing without a hat and almost bald, wished to cool yourself!" "Well, well," said the King, "it is enough. We will go in!" A somewhat similar story to that of Charles of Sweden detecting the clandestine work of Crafts is told of Cromwell, who having been giving Samuel Cooper sittings for a miniature, one day found the artist copying it surreptitiously for himself. This unfinished miniature is now, with others by the artist, in the possession of the Duke of Buccleugh, and will be remembered in the Loan Collection at South Kensington;—where were others of Cromwell, and particularly one by Cooper, belonging to the Earl de Grey, and another in the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Monckton Milnes (Lady Houghton).

Among the most interesting memorials of this great artist (though "in little"), is one of his pocket-

books, containing unfinished portraits, exhibited in the "Loan Collection" of 1864 by E. S. Laurence, Esq. Here were no less than fifteen miniatures on ivory, more or less advanced, full of character and art-power. In Pepys' Diary we have many interesting details respecting portraits and portrait painters, and I am sure my readers, particularly if they are artists, will thank me for gathering many of these together. How many portraits were taken of Pepys I know not, but there must have been several. He also had a cast in plaster taken of his face, from which a bust was made. This must have been more disagreeable than almost breaking his neck, and he complains of having to smear his face with pomatum. Prefixed to his "Naval Memoirs," 1690, his portrait is engraved by R. White after Kneller. There is also a smaller one by the same engraver, and, recently, others have been engraved for Lord Braybrooke's editions of his "Diary." In his Diary, under the date of Feb. 20, 1661-2, I find the first mention by him of a portrait, which I believe must be included in the list of 'Portraits wanted,' unless it was in the Cockerell Collection: "Went by promise to Mr. Savill's, and there sat the first time for my picture in little, which pleaseth me well." I

can find no mention of a Mr. Savill, a painter of this time, and it is probable we should not think so much of the portrait as did Mr. Pepys, who at this period knew little of painting; and as to being a judge of the likeness, no one is allowed to be a judge in his own case. As Pepys advanced in years and prosperity, he became a better judge of art, and was able to indulge his taste for it. The following extracts give a life-like account of the progress of himself and wife among the portrait painters.
“1665-6, Feb. 15, Mr. Hales began my wife’s portrait in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters, like a St. Katherine. [In 1828 in the possession of S. P. Cockerell, Esq. and engraved for the Memoirs.] While he painted, Knipp,* and Mercer,† and I sang.”

* Mistress Knipp was an actress apparently of some repute and respectability. Her name appears among the performers at the “King’s house” up to 1677.

† Mercer was Mrs. Pepys’ maid, with whom her master seems to have taken great delight in teaching her to sing, he himself being no mean proficient in the art. But Mrs. Pepys did not “seem to see it” in the same light as her ‘*caro sposo*.’ Under the date of 1660, July 30th, that warm and pleasant time in England, he writes —“Thence home: and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden [his ‘custom of an afternoon,’ see July, 14, &c.], and coming in I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much

" March 3. To Hales's, and there saw my wife sit; and I do like her picture mightily, and very like it will be, and a brave piece of work. But he do complain that her nose hath cost him as much work as another's face, and he hath done it finely indeed."

" March 15. To Hales's, where I met my wife and people; and do find the picture, above all things, a most pretty picture, and mighty like my wife: and I asked him his price: he says £14, and the truth is, I think he do deserve it."

" 17th. To Hales's, and paid him £14 for the picture, and £1. 5*s* for the frame. This day I began to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's, and I do sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by."

" 24th. After the Committee up, I had occasion to follow the Duke [of York] into his lodgings, into a chamber where the Duchesse was sitting to

time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with *her*. Which I acknowledge, but it is because that the girl do take musick mighty readily, and *she* do not, and musick is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take. So to bed in some little discontent, but no words from me."

have her portrait drawn by Lilly, who was then at work. But I was well pleased to see that there was nothing near so much resemblance of her face in his work, which is now the second, if not the third time, as there was of my wife's at the very first time. Nor do I think at last it can be like, the lines not being in proportion to those of her face."

" 30th. To Hales's, and there sat till almost quite dark upon working my gowne, which I hired to be drawn in ; an Indian gowne."

" April 11th. To Hales's, where there was nothing found to be done more to my picture, but the musique, which now pleases me mightily, it being painted true."*

" 1668, March 29. Harris [the actor] doth so commend my wife's picture of Mr. Hales's that I shall have him draw Harris's head : and he hath also persuaded me to have Cooper draw my wife's, which though it cost £30 yet I will have done."

This portrait of Harris was engraved in mezzotinto, an impression from which may be seen in the

* This picture, lately in the possession of Samuel Pepys Cockerell, Esq., was exhibited at Manchester in the Portrait Gallery arranged by Mr. Peter Cunningham in 1857, by whom it was purchased at Christie's, and of whom it was bought this present year, 1866, for the National Portrait Gallery.

Pepysian Collection at Cambridge. Only one other impression is known to exist, of which "more anon." Where is the original picture?

" 1668, March 30. By coach to Common-garden Coffee-house, where by appointment I was to meet Harris ; which I did, and also Mr. Cooper the great painter, and Mr. Hales. And thence presently to Mr. Cooper's house to see some of his work, which is all in little, but so excellent as, though I must confess I do think the colouring of the flesh to be a little forced, yet the painting is so extraordinary as I do never expect to see the like again. Here I did see Mrs. Stewart's picture as when a young maid, and now just done before her having the small-pox, and it would make a man weep to see what she was then, and what she is likely to be, by people's discourse, now. Here I saw my Lord Generall's picture [which we have all since seen at South Kensington] and my Lord Arlington's, and Ashley's, and several others : but among the rest one Swinfen that was Secretary to my Lord Manchester, Lord Chamberlain, done so admirably as I never saw anything : but the misery was, this fellow died in debt and never paid Cooper for his picture ; but it being seized on by his creditors among his other

goods after his death, Cooper says that he did himself buy it, and give £25 out of his purse for it, for what he was to have had but £30."

"July 8th. So home to dinner; and then with my wife to Cooper's, and then saw her sit; and he do extraordinary things indeed. He is a most admirable workman and good company."

"19th. Come Mr. Cooper, Hales, Harris, Mr. Butler that wrote Hudibras [did Mr. Secy. Pepys say he could see no wit in the poem ?], and Mr. Cooper's cosen Jacke: and by and bye come Mr. Reeves and his wife, whom I never saw before. And there we dined: and company that pleased me mightily, being all eminent men in their way. Spent all the afternoon in talk and mirth, and in the evening parted."

"Aug. 10th. To Cooper's, where I spent all the afternoon with my wife and girl, seeing him make an end of her picture, which he did to my great content, though not so great as, I confess, I expected, being not satisfied in the greatness of the resemblance, nor in the blue garment; but it is certainly a most rare piece of work as to the painting. He hath £30 for his work, and the crystal and gold case comes to £8. 3*s* 4*d*; and which I sent him this night that I might be out of debt."

Cooper's miniature of Pepys himself is now in the important Collection of His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh. Evelyn gives us a curious insight into the practice of Cooper in taking likenesses for medals. He says (Jan. 10, 1662,) "Being called into his Majesty's closet when Mr Cooper, y^e rare limner, was crayoning of the King's face and head, to make the stamps by for the new mill'd money now contriving; I had the honour to hold the candle whilst it was doing, he choosing the night and candle-light for y^e better finding out the shadows. During this his Majesty discours'd with me on several things relating to painting and graving."

This great friend of Pepys was himself, I need scarcely say, a great patron of portrait painters. Here are a few of his portraits (perhaps all,) mentioned by himself:—

"1626. My picture was drawn in oyle [aged about 6 years] by one Chanterill, no ill painter."

1641. In this year [aged 21] he had one painted by Vanderborcht, and gave it to his sister.

"1648, July 1. I sate for my picture, in which there is a Death's head, to Mr. Walker, that excellent painter."

"1650, June 13. Aged 30. I sate to the

famous Sculptor [*i.e.* engraver] Nanteuil, who was afterwards made a knight by the French King for his art. He engraved my picture in copper, [which was used for the 4to. edition of the Memoirs.] At a future time he presented me with my own picture all done with a pen: an extraordinary curiosity."

"Oct. 8. 1685. I had my picture drawn this week by the famous Kneller." [It is engraved in the Memoirs.]

"1689, July 8. I sat for my picture to Mr. Kneller, for Mr Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, holding my 'Sylva' in my right hand.* It was on his long and earnest request, and is placed in his library. Kneller never painted in a more masterly manner."

Pepys gives a lively picture of the popularity of Sir Peter Lely, and of the grandeur of his establishment, showing, one is inclined to think, that the fashionable painter was not one disposed to "hide his light under a bushel."

* Mr. Bray, in the edition of the Memoirs, 1819, says, "this is now at Wotton. A copy of it was given by the late Sir Frederick Evelyn to the Earl of Harcourt a few years ago." Either one of these, or another copy, or a repetition by Kneller, is in the Collection of the Royal Society. It is engraved in the 'Memoirs.'

" 1662, June 18. I walked to Lilly's the painter's, where I saw, among other rare things, the Duchesse of York [Anne Hyde, daughter of the Chancellor], her whole body, sitting in state in a chair, in white sattin ; and another of the King's, that is not finished ; most rare things. I did give the fellow something that showed them to us, and promised to come some other time, and he would show me Lady Castlemaine's, which I could not then see, it being locked up. Thence to Wright's the painter's : but, Lord ! the difference that is between their two works."

" Oct. 20.—With Commissioner Pett to Mr. Lilly's the great painter, who come forth to us ; but believing that I come to bespeak a picture, he prevented it by telling us, that he should not be at leisure these three weeks ; which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner ; and here, among other pictures, saw the so much admired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture ; and one that I must have a copy of."

But these painters, revelling in the luxury of the eye, know how to live when they have the power of living. See how Lucas van Leyden lived in Hol-

land ! Holbein, Leonardo, Titian, Raffaelle, Rubens, all kept good houses and good tables ; and Van Dyck had set Lely an example of state and '*savoir vivre*' in England. Van Dyck had a house at Blackfriars as well as a residence at Eltham, and the King used frequently to visit him at his studio, watching him paint, and conversing freely with him. He was a man of expensive tastes, and appears to have lived in great style. Of his mode of working and general habits as regards his business, De Piles, on the authority of Jabac, gives the following account :— “Having made appointments with his sitters, he never worked more than an hour at each portrait, whether sketching it or finishing it, and when the clock warned him the hour was over, he rose, made a bow to his sitter, to intimate that enough had been done for that day, and made arrangements for another sitting. Then his servants came to clean his brushes, and brought him another palette, ready for the next sitter. He thus worked at many portraits in one day, and with extraordinary rapidity. Having slightly sketched a portrait, he placed his sitter in the attitude he had previously arranged, and with black and white chalk, on grey paper, he sketched the figure and dress, which he designed in

a grand style, and with exquisite taste. This drawing he gave to able assistants, who afterwards copied it, with the help of the dresses lent, at his request, by his sitter. When his pupils had painted, to the best of their ability, the drapery in the picture, Vandyke touched lightly over it, and in a very short time, with his knowledge, produced the truth and art which we admire in his pictures. For the hands, he had in his employ people of both sexes who served him as models.”*

The memoirs of Reynolds and other artists give similar interesting memorials of their habits. To these generally I must refer, but I cannot resist adding a few notes here as to the artists of the Van Dyck and Lely period. In Walpole’s long account of Mrs. Beale—but not too long, for it is very interesting, and she was a very clever artist—are some curious particulars respecting the practice of painters in the 17th century. Mr. Beale made all sorts of entries in pocket-books, seven of which

* Mr. Carpenter, in his Memoir of Van Dyck (p. 73), says:—“In the State Paper Office there is a return made of all the aliens residing in London in 1634, and amongst those in the Blackfriars, we find, ‘Dutch—Sir Anthony Van Dyck, Limner, 2 years, 6 servants.’”—These “servants” were probably his pupils or assistants from Holland, or perhaps his “models.”

(and 'tis a pity that more than twenty were lost or destroyed), came into the possession of George Vertue. In one of these Mrs. Beale's husband records the visit of Mr. Lely, Mr. Gibson (probably the Dwarf, who was a painter), and Mr. Skepwith, to see various copies of pictures she had made : and then is this curious entry :—

“Mr. Lely told me at the same time, as he was most studiously looking at my bishop's picture of Vandyke's, and I chanced to ask him how Sir Anthony cou'd possibly devise to finish in one day a face that was so exceedingly full of work, and wrought up to so extraordinary a perfection—‘I believe,’ said he, ‘he painted it fourteen times :’ and upon that he took occasion to speake of Mr. Nicholas Lanière's picture of Sir Anto. V.D. doing, which, said he, Mr. Lanière himself told me he satt seaven entire dayes for it to Sir Anto. and that he painted upon it of all those seaven dayes, both morning and afternoon, and only intermitted the time they were at dinner. And he said likewise that tho’ Mr. Laniere satt so often and so long for his picture, he was not permitted so much as once to see it, till he had perfectly finished the face to his own satisfaction. This was the picture, which being show’d

to King Charles the First, caused him to give order that V. Dyck shou'd be sent for over into England."

This picture seems to have been purchased by the King for £10, and at the dispersion of the Royal Pictures, to have been bought by M. Lanière for the same sum. It is believed by Mr. Carpenter to be now in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster.* In these pocket-books we may trace the progress of Sir P. Lely in painting a portrait. "24 April, 1672. My most worthy friend, Dr. Tillotson, sat to Mr. Lely for his picture for me, and another for Dr. Cradock. He drew them first in chalk rudely, and afterwards in colours, and rubbed upon that a little colour, very thin in places, for the shadows, and laid a touch of light upon the heightening of the forehead. He had done them both in an hour's time" [*i. e.* the first sitting]. "5 June. Dr. Tillotson sat about three hours to Mr. Lely for him to lay in a dead colour of his picture for me. He, apprehending the colour of the cloth upon which he painted was too light, before he began to lay on the flesh colour, he glazed the whole place where the face and hair were drawn in a colour over thin,

* Carpenter's "Pictorial Notices of Van Dyck," p. 23.

with Cullen's earth [Cologne earth], and a little boun black [bone black], as he told us, made very thin with varnish."—[Perhaps turpentine, or varnish thinned with turpentine?]

"20 June. My most worthy friend, Dr. Tillotson, sat in the morning about three hours to Mr. Lely, the picture he is doing for me. This is the third setting."

"1 Aug. Dr. Tillotson sat to Mr. Lely about three hours for the picture he is doing for me. This is the fourth time, and I believe he will paint it (at least touch it) over again. His manner in the painting of this picture, this time especially, seem'd strangely different both to myself and my dearest heart [Mrs. Beale], from his manner of painting the former pictures he did for us. This we thought was a more concealed, misterious, scanty way of painting than the way he used formerly, which wee both thought was a far more open and free, and much more was to be observed and gain'd from seeing him paint then, than my heart cou'd with her most careful marking, learn from his painting either this, or Dr. Cradock's picture." Lely would seem to have done these pictures, and to have allowed the Beales to take lessons by seeing him work, in pay-

ment for some colours, lake and ultramarine, of Beale's preparation, had the preceding August, 1661. One parcel of ultramarine was at £2. 10*s* per oz.—but another, the richest, was priced £4. 10*s* per oz. There are other entries of exchanges of colours for portraits.

Reverting to Pepys we get more details respecting Lely.

"1666, Ap. 18. To Mr. Lilly's, the painter's; and there saw the heads, some finished, and all began, of the flaggmen in the late great fight with the Duke of York against the Dutch [to which Waller's verses, given at page 123, have reference]. The Duke of York hath them done to hang in his chamber, and very finely they are done indeed. Here are the Prince's, Sir G. Askue's, Sir Thomas Tiddiman's, Sir Christopher Mings, Sir Joseph Jordan, Sir William Barkley, Sir Thomas Allen, and Captain Narmans, as also the Duke of Albemarle's; and will be my Lord Sandwich's, Sir W. Pen's and Sir Jeremy Smith's. I was very well satisfied with this sight, and other good pictures hanging in the house."

"May 18. Thence with Sir W. Pen home, calling at Lilly's to have a time appointed when to be

drawn among the other Commanders of Flags the last year's fight. And so full of work Lilly is, that he was fain to take his table-book out to see how his time is appointed, and appointed six days hence for him to come between seven and eight in the morning."

"1667, March 25. Called at Mr. Lilly's, who was working; and indeed his pictures are without doubt much beyond Mr. Hales's, I think I may say I am convinced: but a mighty proud man he is and full of state."

I forbid any one to grumble at these long extracts! They are so full of life that it is like living in the reign of Charles II. to read them. To say that Sir Peter Lely was much patronized and lived in great state, is to say little though we mean much. But to walk with Mr. Pepys on Oct. 20, 1662, to Mr. Lilly's, and to see his table so grandly spread for 'himself alone,' is to have an idea of state indeed! I shall therefore, under protest as regards grumbling, add a few more of these literary and artistic delights, conscious that if any artists do me the honour to read this 'gossip,' they would not wish a scrap left out.

"1660, Oct. 9. To White Hall where I went to

my Lord [Sandwich] and saw in his chamber his picture, very well done [most probably the picture by Lely, engraved by Blooteling—a very fine print too], and am with child* till I get it copied, which I hope to do when he is gone to sea."

"1664, July 15. Thence with Creed to St. James's, and missing Mr. Coventry, to White Hall; where staying for him in one of the galleries, there comes out of the chayre-room Mrs. Stewart, in a most lovely form, with her hair all about her eares, having her picture taking there. There was the King and twenty more I think, standing by all the while, and a lovely creature she in the dress seemed to be."

"1664, Aug. 26. To see some pictures at one Huysman's, a picture-drawer, a Dutchman, which is said to exceed Lilly, and indeed there is both of the Queenes and Maids of Honour (particularly Mrs. Stewart's in a buff doublet like a soldier's†), as good pictures I think as ever I saw. The Queene is drawn in one like a sheepherdess, in the other like St. Katherine,‡ most like and most admirably. I was mightily pleased with this sight indeed."

* A favourite expression of Mr. Seey. Pepys to express his longing for anything. † At Kensington Palace ?

‡ Engraved by Sherwin, and in mezzo. by Tompson.

Frances Stewart (though sufficiently gay, and sometimes sleeping with the Countess of Castle-maine) seems to have preserved her virtue in the loose court of Charles II. Escaping from the King's addresses she married the Duke of Richmond, and thenceforward shunned the Court, though frequently solicited by Charles to appear there again. She was eminently beautiful, but did not shine as a wit, which, when we reflect on what was then held to be wit, is perhaps to her credit. The medallist Roettiers is said by Walpole to have been desperately in love with her, but not being so fortunate as Apelles in a similar case, contented himself by repeating her portrait as Britannia on his medals. One of these is engraved by Vertue in Fenton's Edition of Waller's Poems—the poet having made a poor epigram upon it. A few words from Pepys are worth all the conceits in Waller's verses on this medal.

"1666-7, Feb. 25.—At my goldsmiths did observe the king's new medall, where in little there is Mrs. Stewart's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by."

Of the medals by Roettiers, Mr. Slingsby* made a collection at the time which was the best in England. He offered them to Pepys, and in his letter (printed by Lord Braybrooke, vol. v. 132) is a List with the prices. Those with the Britannia are as follows :—

	<i>£ s. d.</i>
The Great Britannia, with Felicitas Britanniae	. . . 4 10 0
The New Britannia, with Nullum numen abest	. . . 2 3 0
The First Britannia, with Favente Deo 1 9 0

Walpole's letters abound with curious particulars respecting portraits, and his own and other collections, and a budget of mere extracts from these letters and from other similar memoirs on this subject—a kind of ‘Ana’ of portraits—would form a most useful work of reference, if well arranged and indexed. Take, for example, the following extracts respecting Crebillon the younger and his portrait :—“ You know my passion for the writings of the younger Crebillon: you shall hear how I have been mortified by the discovery of the greatest meanness in him; and you will judge how one must be humbled to have one's favourite author convicted of mere mortal mercenariness! I had desired Lady

* Mr. Henry Slingsby, Master of the Mint, one of the first Council of the Royal Society.

Mary to lay out thirty guineas for me with Liotard, and wished, if I could, to have the portraits of Crebillon and Marivaux for my cabinet. Mr. Churchill wrote me word that Liotard's price was sixteen guineas; that Marivaux was intimate with him and would certainly sit, and that he believed he could get Crebillon to sit too. The latter, who is retired into the provinces with an English wife, was just then at Paris for a month: Mr. Churchill went to him, told him that a gentleman in England, who was making a collection of portraits of famous people, would be happy to have his, &c. Crebillon was humble, 'unworthy,' obliged: and sat. The picture was just finished, when, behold! he sent Mr. Churchill word that he expected to have a copy of the picture given him—neither more nor less than asking sixteen guineas for sitting! Mr. Churchill answered that he could not tell what he should do, were it his own case, but that this was a limited commission, and he could not possibly lay out double; and was now so near his return, that he could not have time to write to England and have an answer. Crebillon said, then he would keep the picture himself—it was excessively like. I am still *sentimental* enough to flatter myself, that a man

who could beg sixteen guineas, will not give them, and so I may still have the picture.”* In this expectation Walpole seems to have been disappointed. In a later letter he writes, “Liotard, the painter, is arrived, and has brought me Marivaux’s picture, which gives one a very different idea from what one conceives of the author of *Marianne*, though it is reckoned extremely like; the countenance is a mixture of buffoon and villain. I told you what mishap I had with Crebillon’s portrait; he has had the foolish dirtiness to keep it!” The angry Collector cannot however resist recording a witty repartee of the man who had so annoyed him:—“His father one day in a passion with him, said, ‘Il y a deux choses que je voudrois n’avoir jamais fait, mon Catiline et vous.’ He answered, ‘Consolez vous, mon père, car on prétend que vous n’avez fait ni l’un ni l’autre!’”

* Letter to Sir Horace Mann.—July 27, 1752.

VII.

Portraits and Poets.

T is curious how ignorant of painting poets prove themselves to be when they undertake to give instructions to painters ; yet they profess so much when they criticize a painting and dub the artist Titian, Apelles, or Protogenes, as the exigences of the metre demand. It is no excuse to say that they have no idea of their instructions being carried out—‘the proprieties must be observed.’ What a farrago of nonsense is Waller’s “Instructions to a painter for the Drawing of the Posture and Progress of his Majesty’s Forces at Sea, under the command of His Highness Royal : together with the Battle and Victory obtained over the Dutch, June 3rd, 1665.” (Sir John Durham and Andrew Marvel also had their ‘Advices to Painters.’ Marvel’s “Advice to the Painter upon the coming in of the Dutch to the River and end of the war,” 1667, was satirical, and made Pepys’s

'heart ache to read, it being too sharp and so true!')—)

"First draw the Sea ; that portion, which between
The greater world, and this of ours, is seen ;
Here place the British, there the Holland Fleet,
Vast floating armies ! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,
After their Combat, o'er the conquer'd Main—
Make Heav'n concerned

.
Paint an East Wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuse of Holland
But nearer home, thy Pencil use once more,
And place our Navy by the Holland shore;

.
Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met,
And our GREAT MONARCH* high above them set :

.
Last draw the Commons at his Royal feet,
Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet."

This is by that Waller who wrote sugared sonnets to Saccharissa, and composed those verses on a Girdle that will live wherever an English maiden's waist may be spanned ! We must not forget that he also wrote some verses on Van Dyck, which, in a book on Portraits, ought to be included. They are worth preserving, remembering the Painter and those elegant ladies whom Lombart and Faithorne have

* King Charles II.

rendered familiar to all of us, though the full charm of the originals can only be known to those who are fortunate enough to make their acquaintance at Wilton, or Knowsley, or the dozen other Van Dyck Houses, or in Lord Derby's Portrait Gallery at Kensington :—

“ To VANDYCK.

Rare Artisan ! whose pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves !
From thy shop of beauty we
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so,
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.

Strange ! that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act, and power, of a face.
May'st thou yet, thyself, as well
As all the world besides, excel !
So you th'unfeigned truth rehearse,
(That I may make it live in verse)
Why thou cou'dst not, at one assay,
That face to aftertimes convey
Which this admires.—Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit ?
Confess, and we'll forgive thee this :
For who would not repeat that bliss ?
And frequent sight of such a dame
Buy, with the hazard of his fame ?

But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal colours grow,
That could this deathless piece compose ?
In lilies ? or the fading rose ?
No ; for this theft thou hast climb'd high'r
Than did Prometheus for his fire."

By this it would seem that Van Dyck's portrait of the lady Dorothy Sidney was only accomplished at a second attempt, the first portrait having been a failure. The young portrait painter will derive some consolation in knowing that the greatest men sometimes fail. When Sir Joshua Reynolds sent his picture of the Infant Hercules to the Empress of Russia, he said there were three pictures under it, so many had been his short-comings ; and Gainsborough, in painting the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, now one of the gems of the Kensington Museum, after many ineffectual attempts to give expression to the nose (and there is much expression in a nose !) threw down his brush, exclaiming, " D—n it, there's no end to it!"—and see what trouble poor Mrs. Pepys's nose gave Mr. Hales. Was this "shop of beauty," that Waller speaks of, a particular collection of portraits assembled at the house of the Painter ? Perhaps, when Lombart engraved his "Beauties" the original pictures were exhibited, in

the manner of modern publishers, to gain subscribers.—‘There is no new thing under the sun!’ I don’t know when *prints* were first published by ‘subscription,’ but it is said that the first book so published was Dr. Brian Walton’s Polyglot Bible, in 6 vols. folio, of which the first was published in 1654. A great part of the impression was destroyed in the fire of 1666, so that the copies were raised in value to £40. One of the earliest was Poole’s celebrated Synopsis of the Scriptures, published 1669. The original proposals were for an edition in 3 vols. folio, at the price of four pounds, but these were afterwards enlarged for another volume at one pound, and this even not being found sufficient to include the voluminous labours of the author, he extended the work to a fifth volume, and left it to the option of his subscribers to receive this last without payment, or the extra contribution of ten shillings. Those who know this magnificent work, and the great learning, judgment, and industry of the author, will the better appreciate this trait of his disinterestedness.

Of prints, perhaps the earliest published ‘by subscription,’ (but I must confess that I have not given much research to this subject) were the

Cartoons of Raffaelle, engraved by Dorigny, which were subscribed for at four guineas the set, and, after seven years labour, completed April 1, 1719, when he received from George I. a present of 100 guineas, and the following year the honour of knighthood. It is curious that neither to the elaborate Dedication, engraved by G. Bickham the celebrated caligraphist, nor to any of the plates, is there any date.

It would be an interminable task to endeavour a notice of all that poets have said of painters. Poets, until lately, knew so little of painting, that, seeing it had qualities to which their art could not reach, and forgetting how many advantages poetry had over painting, they raised it in their estimation to a height that was quite hyperbolic. It is only from a consideration of this kind that we can excuse the high-flown compliments, (allowing, of course, in many cases, for the utter fiction of the thing) which so many celebrated poets have written of painters, for whose names we in vain search the dictionaries. Who knows anything of Sir William Burlase? Walpole, Granger, Pilkington, and the ordinary dictionaries give us no information of him. Yet Ben Jonson, in answer to some 'rubbishy' verses

sent by the painter, apparently with Jonson's portrait (is it that picture, 'artist unknown,' of the poet in the Library at Oxford?) writes,

" O, had I now your manner, mastery, might ;
Your power of handling, shadow, air, and spright ;
How I would draw, and take hold and delight !
But you are he can paint ; I can but write :
A poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knows he flattering colours, nor false light.
* * * * *

Yet when of friendship I would draw the face,
A lettered mind, and a large heart would place
To all posterity : I'll write Burlase."

Here, despite the "mastery, might," &c. of the painter, all we know of him is from the poet ! When Pope, in addressing Jervas, a great man in his time and no mean painter, said,

"Thou but preserv'st a face and I a name!"

had he any idea that the name of the painter preserved in his verse, would last longer than the fame of the painter otherwise ?* We only know Apelles, and Protogenes, and Zeuxis, and Timanthes from what has been *written* of them, and were there not coins and statues to corroborate such witnesses of their perfection, we should be inclined to doubt

* "Brother," said Miss Reynolds, " how happens it that we never meet with any pictures by Jervas the painter ?" Sir Joshua replied very briskly, says Northcote, " Because they are all up in the garret."

the testimony, seeing how that of other writers which may be tested, is found wanting. As portrait painters, Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, and Reynolds, to say nothing of *their* masters, are deserving the greatest praise that the loftiest poet could reach, from the ‘highest heaven of invention;’ and even the most inferior painter of portraits, if he gives a likeness with character and expression, should not be without our thanks. A portrait is a boon to many. A portrait of a great man is a noble gift to the world and to posterity.

When the powers of the portrait painter are acknowledged so gracefully as by Pope, in his Epistle to Mr Jervas, we can scarcely complain even if the praise is a little exaggerated. Some passages are so pleasing that I cannot refrain from introducing them, and they will be more admired perhaps from being separated from the rest of the verses, which scarcely have connection with the subject on which I am writing.

“ This verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some fresh design,
When life awakes and dawns at every line ;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour’d mass,
And from the canvass call the mimic face :

Read these instructive leaves in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire,*
And reading wish, like theirs our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so joined our name;
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame ;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing task we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away !
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art !
How oft review, each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to command !

• • • • •
Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Wortley's eyes ;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh, lasting as those colours may they shine ;
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line ;
New graces yearly, like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring, gay ;
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains ;
And finished more through happiness than pains,
The kindred hearts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one strike the lyre.

• • • • •
Alas ! how little from the grave we claim !
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name."—

* Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's "Art of Painting."

After such lines Mr. Jervas would scarcely care to receive others, yet others were addressed to him, and among them some by "the Right Honourable the Countess of W—— :" viz.—"To Mr Jervas, occasioned by the sight of Mrs. Chetwind's picture," in which the Countess seems to suggest that the painter should be rewarded with the hand of the fair sitter.

"Then, let the new Campaspe go,
Or, if thou 'l t not resign,
As thou Apelles' skill dost show,
So may his heart be thine,"
&c.

This lady was Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, who wrote a good many couplets strung together to look like poems, including a tragedy published in 1713. She was good enough to patronise and advise Pope in some verses prefixed to the first edition of his "Works," published in 1717. These verses of course begin with "The Muse, &c.," and trip it in the regular "balancé" step, till 43 lines are achieved. Of these I will give the best, as they are evidently the most truthful—

"Me Panegyrick Verse does not inspire,
Who never well can praise what I admire!"

I am tempted to mention here another lady of title, who was a very voluminous writer, because there are three beautiful engravings of her that are desiderata for a collection of engraved portraits.

The Duchess of Newcastle wrote an immense number of poems and plays, of which were published as many as made ten folio volumes, but she was as amiable and beloved in her domestic relations as she was persevering in her literary pursuits. One of the prints in which her portrait appears is by Clouvet after Diepenbeke, representing her and her husband, William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, (who himself published a fine book on Horsemanship) surrounded with their family, seated before a large Elizabethan fire-place. Beneath are these lines (which I quote from memory) :—

“ Here in this semi-circle, where they sit
Telling of tales of pleasure and of wit,
Here you may read without a sin or crime ;
And how more innocently pass your time ? ”

The other two prints are both after Diepenbeke, by Van Schuppen. In one she is represented standing in a niche surrounded with emblems of Minerva and Apollo. In the other, she is seated in

her study, writing. Both have inscriptions. That to the last is,

“ Studious she is and all alone,
Most visitants when she has none ?
Her library on which she looks
It is her head ; her thoughts her books.
Scorninge dead ashes without fire,
For her own flames do her inspire !”

These prints are uncommon. The first is excessively rare. Bishop Wilkins, who, in his curious book on ‘A World in the Moon,’ suggested the possibility of one day reaching that satellite, was asked by her : “ Doctor, where am I to find a place for baiting at, in the way up to that planet ?” “ Madam,” said he, “ of all the people in the world, I never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you may lie every night at one of your own ?”

Recurring to the ‘Art of Painting’ :—many years later W. Mason translated Fresnoy’s Poem into verse, (Dryden having only given himself time for a prose translation,) and then *he* inscribed *his* labours to Sir Joshua Reynolds. His verses seem sad twaddle after Pope’s, but he has some thoughts on the subject we are now upon which will suffer quotation.

"How oft, on that fair shrine * where Poets bind
The flowers of song, does partial passions blind
Their judgment's eye !

Let Friendship as she cans'd, excuse the deed;
With thee, and such as thee, she must succeed.
But what, if fashion tempted Pope astray ?
The Witch has spells, and Jervas knew a day
When mode-struck Belles and Beaux were proud to come
And buy of him a 'thousand years of bloom !'
E'en then I deem it but a venial crime :
Perish alone that selfish sordid rhyme,
Which flatters sordid sway, or tinsel pride ;
Let black oblivion plunge it in her tide."

* Friendship's.

VIII.

Portraits Wanted.



VELYN complains that painters in his time
—and the same complaint equally applies
to the present day—never put the names
of the persons represented on their pictures, though
it was the practice of Holbein, “to whose fame it
was no diminution, and who really painted to the
life beyond any man this day living.” He seems,
without apparent cause, to attribute this omission
to the ‘pride’ of painters, adding, “There is not
that wretched print but weares the name of the no-
artist, whilst our Painters take no care to transmitt
to posterity the names of the persons whom they
represent, through which negligence so many ex-
cellent pieces come after a while to be dispersed
among Brokers and Up-holsters, who expose them
to the streets in every dirty and infamous corner.
’Tis amongst their dusty lumber we frequently
meete with Queene Elizabeth, Mary Q. of Scots,
the Countesse of Pembroke, Earles of Leycester and

Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Cecil, Buckhurst, Walsingham, Sir Francis Bacon, King James and his favourite Buckingham, and others (who made the great figure in this nation) flung many times behind the hangings covered with dust and cobwebs." In the same regretful strain, Horace Walpole, a hundred years later, complains of the neglect of family pictures : " Portraits that cost twenty, thirty, sixty guineas, and that proudly take possession of the drawing-room, give way in the next generation to those of the new-married couple, descending into the parlour, where they are slightly mentioned as *my father's and mother's pictures*. When they become *my grandfather and grandmother*, they mount to the two pair of stairs ; and then, unless despatched to the mansion-house in the country, or crowded into the housekeeper's room, they perish among the lumber of garrets, or flutter in rags before a broker's shop in the Seven Dials." Though many portraits are lost from neglect and accident, particularly from fire (the picture of Charles I. by Van Dyck, from which Bernini modelled his statue, was destroyed in the fire at Whitehall*) perhaps as

* MS. note by Evelyn to the copy of the "Numismata," which he gave to Sir Hans Sloane, now in the British Museum.

many are wilfully destroyed by children who do not estimate the extent of their mischievous doings. I know an old family mansion, in the hall and staircase of which a coach and six might as easily be driven as through an Act of Parliament, and at one end of the staircase hung a valuable painting which became a target for the toxopholite practice of the youngsters of the household on a wet day ; and this was not discovered until the picture was riddled like a sieve with their successful achievements !

Wordsworth describes something of this juvenile mischief-working : “ While I was at my grandfather’s house at Penrith, along with my eldest brother Richard, we were whipping tops together in the large drawing-room, in which the carpet was only laid down on particular occasions. The walls were hung round with family pictures, and I said to my brother, ‘ Dare you strike your whip through that old lady’s petticoat ? ’ He replied, ‘ No, I won’t.’ ‘ Then,’ said I, ‘ here goes ! ’ and I struck my lash through her hooped petticoat, for which, no doubt, I was properly punished.” I must myself plead guilty to having, as a child, destroyed a portrait, I hope not a valuable one ! When I was a very, *very* little boy, my mother allowed a miniature

on ivory to lie on the table within my reach. It was simply the miniature without glass or frame, and by some means I happened to touch it with my lips. Now, the artist had, either from choice or necessity, painted the background or the dress (I have now no recollection of the miniature, except its size and the *after-look* of the ivory) with Spanish liquorice ! It was a case of ‘roast pig !’ The ‘sensuous’ instinct was quicker than parental watchfulness, and before authority was roused the greater part of the ivory was licked clean ! I believe it was only a portrait of an aunt or an uncle by a nobody, but it *might* have been a somebody by a Cooper or a Cosway !

Evelyn was not the only person who complained that many pictures are lost to us simply because the name of the person painted is not written on the picture. The artist sometimes puts *his* name, but rarely the name of his patron, not even when his age and the date of the picture are marked on the background.

Aubrey, two hundred years since, complained of this without effect ; and Locke in writing about a picture says, “ Pray get Sir Godfrey to write on the back of my Lady Masham’s picture, ‘Lady Masham,’ and on the back of mine, ‘John Locke.’ This he

did to Mr. Molyneux's : it is necessary to be done, or else the pictures of private persons are lost in two or three generations." And these inscriptions should be carefully and fully done.

My old friend Mr. Corfe, the organist of Salisbury Cathedral, whose gentle death at the age of 87, whilst quietly kneeling at his prayers by his bedside, was worthy of his blameless life, used to tell a story of a search for the portrait of one of the Bishops of Salisbury. A stranger came to ask him if he could procure him a sight of the portrait of Dr. Thomas, which he believed was in the palace:—

"Which Dr. Thomas?" said Mr. Corfe.

"Dr. Thomas, the Bishop," said the stranger.

"But there were two Thomases, Bishops."

"Yes, but Bishop of Salisbury I mean."

"But they were both of Salisbury!"

"Well, the one whose Christian name was John."

"They were both christened John."

"Then, the one who flourished in the last century."

"They both flourished in the last century!"

"How absurd!"

"But, true!"

"Come, then, the one who had a squint or cast in his eye."

"They both had a squint or a cast in the eye."

"Tush! Well, let me see! *my* man must have been Bishop of Salisbury somewhere between 1755 and 1765."

"Sir, they were both Bishops of Salisbury within those years!"

"Nonsense!"

"Fact!"

"Oh, now I recollect! The one whose portrait I want was translated."

"So was the other."

"But I don't mean 'died'—I mean to a different see."

"So do I."

"Well, now, you won't say they were both translated the same year! My John Thomas was translated in 1757."

"Ah," said Mr Corfe, "now I know which you mean—the other was translated in 1761. But there are portraits of both in the Palace; and, unless the names and dates are to them, you may take your choice!"

The neglect of this is a source of such annoyance to the lover of portraits, that every portrait collector will, I am sure, join with me in recommend-

ing a very simple remedy for the future : viz., that a short Act of Parliament should be passed, requiring every painter to inscribe on the back of his picture the name of the person painted, age, date, and his own name, "to counterfeit which is felony," and, in "default of same," he should be brought up before the keeper of the National Portrait Gallery, and summarily sentenced, on conviction, to be hanged, drawn, and three-quartered, without benefit of a hanging committee, or right of appeal to any public council ! As writers of Tracts say, "if only *one* misguided individual should be brought by this process to a sense of the evil of his sins of omission, my labours will not have been in vain!"

Many stories have been told—and many more are known—of the manner of painters having been imitated so closely, that artists and connoisseurs have been deceived. Mignard once deceived Le Brun and others, and by means of a broker he induced the Chevalier de Clairville to purchase at a high price a picture of a Magdalen, supposed to be a Guido, which he had himself painted on an old Roman canvass. Le Brun would not be convinced. But Mignard promising that the 2000 crowns that had been paid for the picture should be returned, as

the picture was his, said, “On this canvass was the portrait of a cardinal. I have painted over it, but I will show you his cap.” So saying, he applied a little alcohol to the painting ; the fresh paint came off, and the red cap appeared full in view !

But the great loss to the general public of valuable portraits is caused by the occasional legal necessity for sales by auction on the death of Collectors. This, at various times, and under particular circumstances, has been the fate of even the highest. After the death of Charles I., not only the Royal Collection, but those of many of his adherents, were dispersed by auction and otherwise. Evelyn mentions seeing at Sir Wm. Ducy’s many miniatures, “and in oyle of Holbein’s, Sir Thos. More’s head, and an whole figure of Edward 6th, which were certainly his Majesty’s : also a picture of Queen Elizabeth, the Lady Isabella Thynne, &c.; also an Hen. 8 of Holbein, and Francis y^e First, rare indeed, but of whose hand I know not.”

Where now is that “incomparable painting of Holbein’s, where the Duke of Norfolk, Charles Brandon, and Hen. VIII. are dauncing with the three ladies, with most amourous countenances and sprightly motion exquisitely expressed,” which in

1678 was at the Duke of Norfolk's palace at Weybridge? Evelyn mentions seeing, in 1643, at Hatfield, "the picture of Secretary Cecil in mosaiq worke, very well done by some Italian hand." If this could be obtained for exhibition, it would be welcomed as an addition to the collection of mosaics now being made at South Kensington, with reference to the resuscitation of this art. There are two extraordinary men of whom everybody wishes to know more. The Admirable Crichton, and Picus Mirandula. There are portraits, said to be, of both, but it is doubtful if there is an authentic one of either. In 1666, Evelyn mentions seeing one of 'the pious and learned Picus Mirandula,' at the house of the Earl of Norwich in Epping Forest. Where, now, is this? Others have been engraved. Mr. Tytler, who seems to have exhausted the materials for a life of Crichton, mentions three 'original' pictures of the all-accomplished youth (he is supposed to have been killed at the age of 23), of which one is engraved as a frontispiece to his book, but no 'pedigree' of the picture is given; and the fact of one of them being in the possession of a namesake, perhaps a descendant, is not alone sufficient to stamp its authenticity.

The Committee of the National Portrait Exhibition have requested information respecting authentic portraits of the following eminent persons :—

Dr. John Donne, divine and poet (1573-1631).
Michael Drayton, poet (1563-1631).
George Herbert, poet (1593-1633).
George Chapman, poet and translator (1557-1684).

Sir Robert Naunton, statesman (1563-1635).
Richard Hooker, "Ecclesiastical Polity," (1558-1600).

Izaak Walton (1593-1683).
Philip Massinger, dramatist (1584-1640).
John Hampden (1594-1643).
And William Chillingworth, theologian (1602-1644).

As these have been so specified, though many others might be named, a few remarks on them may not be misplaced. It may be assumed, by implication, that *authentic* pictures of these, if not altogether unknown, are rare ; and this list is published very apropos to my purpose, to show the great value of engravings, not only for the reasons I have before given, but for this also, that they remain when pictures are lost, and are the means of preserving the

features of men, which otherwise later generations would know nothing of, except sometimes by verbal description. There are engravings of all these, most of them having every appearance of authenticity, and the original paintings of some of them will doubtless be forthcoming. One of Dr. Donne was taken by his directions, the like of which was never heard of before or since. In his last illness, "Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it, and to bring with it a board of the height of his body: these being got, then, without delay, a choice painter was to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth:—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrouded and put into the grave: and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his, and our, Saviour. Thus he

was drawn at his full height ; and, when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bedside, where it continued, and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor, Dr. King, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble [at the expense of Dr. Fox], as it now stands in the cathedral church of St. Paul's."*

This was one of the monuments preserved from old St. Paul's, and may still be seen in the present building. There is an engraving of Donne by Lombart from a picture painted before he took holy orders. Dr. John Barwick tells us, in his "Life of Bishop Morton," that "he saw a portrait of Donne at Lincoln's Inn, all enveloped with a darkish shadow, his face and features hardly discernible, with this ejaculation and wish written thereon : 'Domine illumina tenebras meas.' And this wish was afterwards accomplished, when, at the persuasion of King James, he entered into Holy Orders." There are also other engravings of him ; as one, aged 18, by Marshall, prefixed to his Poems, 1635, 12mo. Another, aged 42, M. Merian, jun. sc. frontispiece

* From his Life by Izaac Walton.

to his Sermons, fol. 1640 ; and another by Loggan. A miniature of him by I. Oliver is in the possession of S. Addington, Esq., and another in the collection of C. S. Bale, Esq. The print of him, prefixed to Alford's edition of his works in 1839, is said to be from the original picture by Van Dyck, in the possession of F. Holbrooke, Esq. ; but Donne died in 1631, and Van Dyck was not in England (except for about a month in 1620*), until the year 1632.

Of Sir Robert Naunton there is an exceedingly rare and good print by Simon de Passe (not mentioned by Granger or Bromley), most probably from a drawing made by the engraver. (This was sold for as much as 34 guineas in Sir M. M. Sykes' sale.)

Of Izaac Walton there is an oil painting by Huysman, in the National Gallery (now at South Kensington), bequeathed by Dr. H. Hawes, in 1838, a gentleman who was descended from the old angler. What pedigree it has I know not. Granger does not mention any engraving of him, nor does Bromley, but several have been done more recently.

Of George Chapman, the Poet, there is a good print by William Passe, folio, prefixed to his trans-

* See 'Pictorial Notices and Memoir of Sir A. Van Dyck,' by Mr. W. H. Carpenter, 1844.

lation of Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice: it is rare, and not mentioned by Granger. It was copied by W. Hole, in folio, and prefixed to his translation of the Iliad.

William Chillingworth, chancellor of the diocese of Salisbury, 1638, died Jan. 1643-4, is engraved in an oval of palms with Locke, Woolaston, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, mezzotint.

Philip Massinger's portrait is engraved by Cross, but it is a doubtful portrait, I think. It is not uncommon, but *fine* impressions are scarce. There is another by Grignion, 1761, but, query, a copy from the last.

Richard Hooker is engraved by Faithorne (not a rare print), prefixed to his "Ecclesiastical Polity." The plate was retouched for later editions. Another by Hollar, is prefixed to Bishop Sparrow's "Rationale of the Common Prayer." Of course neither of these is contemporary. R. Hooker was of C. C. C. Oxon, with Jewel. Is there a portrait of him there? Of Bishop Jewel there is an authentic one at Salisbury, presented by Jewel himself to the Library of the Cathedral.

Of George Herbert there is a good portrait, engraved by White, prefixed to his Poems. There is

another by Sturt, 1709, and it has been repeatedly copied since. Granger says, "such was his character that we cannot but revere so great and good a man, as little as we esteem his poetry!" Old Izaac Walton better appreciated the poet, and the present age does justice to his quaint and fanciful, but thoughtful poetry.

Michael Drayton, aged 50, 1613, is engraved by Hole as a frontispiece to his works, 1619; and there is another print by Marshall, 1647, 8vo. According to Granger, "the late [the first] Lord Lansdowne had an original of him, which he highly valued. It was supposed to be done by Peter Oliver."

John Hamden is engraved by Audran, in Peck's Life of Milton. This is stated on the print to be from a picture in the possession of Sir Richard Ellis; but Granger says, "this gentleman is said to have bought an old painting at a stall and called it by his name. Mr. Hollis made particular enquiries for a genuine portrait, but could never find one." There is another by Vandergucht, and one by Houbraken, from a different picture. Lord Cobham at Stow, had a bust of John Hamden, with an inscription (which is given by Granger). A miniature of him

was in the collection of the late Mr. Brett, at the Exhibition at South Kensington; and the Earl of St. Germain has a portrait of him which has been engraved.

As I am helping to "cry" lost goods, I may ask for the bust of Grinling Gibbons, "carved by himself and presented to Evelyn, who kept it at his house in Dover Street," according to Walpole; but it appears that nothing is known of this at Wotton! Fortunately we are not without at least one fine picture of this accomplished and worthy artist.

Does anybody know where the picture now is that is said to have been taken of Charles I. at the time of his trial? There is a print by Savery of Charles, in a high-crowned hat, as he appeared at his trial, and it is said to be by Van Dyck (who was dead some years before!) It was probably copied from a portrait of the King by Van Dyck, and the hat introduced by the engraver. In one of those odd collections of verses of all sorts, called *Miscellanies*, where we have, besides the efforts of men, then or since famous, various "fugitive" pieces curiously mixed up, as "Upon a beautiful Lady with Cataracts in both eyes—by a Gentleman who has an Impediment in his speech"—"Hymn to Venus"—"On some snow that melted

on a Lady's Breast"—“The Passion of Sappho”—
“On the Death of a Lady's Cat,” in short—

“Tales, Songs, Elegies, Satires, Encomiums,
Odes, Panegyrics, Lampoons, and Heroics.”

Well, in one of those odd jumbles, Tickell has some “Thoughts occasioned by the sight of an original painting of King Charles 1st, taken at the time of his tryal”—inscribed to the Right Hon. George Clarke, Esq., of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty—who appears to have owned the picture. The verses begin :—

“Can this be He ! Could Charles, the Good, the Great,
Be sunk by Heaven to such a dismal state !
How meager, pale, neglected, worn with care !
What steady Sadness, and august Despair !
In those sunk Eyes the grief of years I trace,
And Sorrow seems acquainted with that Face.*
Tears, which His Heart disdain'd, from me o'er flow,
Thus to survey God's Substitute below,
In solemn Anguish, and Majestick Woe !”

* * * * *

After a deal of rubbish, the verses conclude—

“O Clarke, to whom a Stuart trusts his Reign
O'er Albion's Fleets, and delegates the Main ;
Dear as the Faith thy loyal Heart hath Sworn,
Transmit this Piece to ages yet unborn.

* [“A Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Grief”!]

This Sight shall damp the raging Ruffian's Breast,
The Poison spill, and half-drawn Sword arrest ;
To soft Compassion stubborn Traitors bend,
And, One destroy'd, a Thousand Kings defend !”

Poetical Miscellanies—Ed. by Steele, 1714.

A picture that could do so much ought to be available. But, seriously, such a picture, taken at such a time, if faithfully rendered, would be one of the most interesting of all the portraits of Charles. Who was it painted by ? I don't remember any record of the King sitting for such a picture, and it is most unlikely that he did so, yet it might have been. If it was merely a portrait “made up” from previous portraits, or painted from memory, it would be worthless. The writer's particular description of the pallor, neglect, grief, and despair, goes for nothing. He did not want the picture to enable him to write those lines, and indeed had the picture been before him, it might only “have put him out.” Though it is described as an “original,” it was very possibly the picture, evidently hashed up from Van Dyck, that was engraved by Faber. I am afraid, however, the original will be as difficult to find as the original manuscript or manuscripts, (for two at least are mentioned) of the “*Eikōn Basilike.*” Did ever any one write those words—or utter them—without

a pause, and then a mental rush into the great controversy — like “Who was Perkin Warbeck?” “Who was Junius?” “Who was the admirable Crichton?”—of “Who wrote *Eikōn Basilike*?”

“Who wrote *Eikōn Basilike*?
I, said the Master of Trinity,
With my little divinity,
I wrote ‘who wrote *Eikōn Basilike*.’”

You may read no end of pamphlets, letters, and books on the subject, and come to no decision. The probabilities seem to be in favour of Dr. Gauden, whose friends make out a strong case, but it is only a case of probabilities, (and among these, if an Irishism will be excused—are some improbabilities,) and still we must declare “Not proven!”

There are three portraits of Dr. Gauden—one very scarce and curious, representing him peeping from behind a curtain partly drawn up, prefixed to Milton’s pamphlet *Eikon Alethine*, Lond. 1649, 4to.

Apropos to “Portraits wanted,” I may mention a ‘portrait found,’ that is of some interest to those read in the scandal of Pope’s time. At Sir Frederic Bathurst’s, at Clarendon, is a full length portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller of Lady Fanny Shirley, fourth daughter of Robert, first Earl Ferrers. She was a

celebrated beauty of Pope's time, and endured a long flirtation from the Earl of Chesterfield, who addressed some verses to her of a very ordinary character, beginning—

“When Fanny blooming fair
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight ;” &c. &c.

For many years this intimacy continued, Chesterfield following her like her shadow, sighing and dying and talking of hearts and darts, till the Lady fell into the sere and yellow leaf, and his Lordship faded away. He was already married, but she ‘did live unmarried till her death,’ dying at Bath in 1762. A very lively notice of this Lady and her admirer is given, with extracts from original letters of their time, by the late Lord Dover (then George Agar Ellis), in the Keepsake for 1831. Pope has some lines “On receiving from the Right Hon. Lady Frances Shirley a Standish and two Pens”—in which one of the Lady’s admirers, supplanted by Chesterfield, is alluded to. The Lady, supposed to be speaking, says—

“But, friend, take heed whom you attack,
You'll bring a house (I mean of peers)
Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
L and all, about your ears :—

This L was Thomas Coke, Lord Lovell, afterwards Earl of Leicester—who had an affection for Lady Fanny Shirley. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams in that sparkling dramatic poem, called “*Isabella, or the Morning,*” introduces him :—

“ Lovell—the oddest character in town—
A lover, statesman, connoisseur, buffoon,*
Extract him well, this is his quintessence :
Much folly, but more cunning, and some sense.”

It is a curious illustration of the way pictures are lost and found that the portrait of Pepys, taken in his hired Indian gown and with the music of his “Beauty retire,” introduced in the picture by Hales, an account of which from his Diary is given elsewhere, was very nearly being lost to the world. It was included in a sale of pictures, described simply as the “portrait of a Musician.” It might have been sold as such, and its identity altogether lost, had not, fortunately, Mr. Peter Cunningham, learned in the literary and pictorial lore of the 17th and 18th centuries, seen it, known it, and bought it ‘for a mere song.’ He recorded his purchase at the time in a very interesting notice in the *Athenæum*

* A plagiarism :—

“ Lover, statesman, fiddler, and buffoon.”

Character of E. of Rochester.—Pope.

(if I recollect rightly), and it is gratifying to be able now to add, that the picture may be seen, as the property of the nation, in the National Portrait Gallery.

Among portraits ‘wanted’ should be mentioned that of Caxton, of whom it is very doubtful if there be an authentic one known. Ames in his “Topography” has a portrait of him, but it is very suspicious —indeed it has been said that those both of Caxton and Pynson are wholly fictitious ; the first being the likeness of an Italian poet, and the latter a copy of a woodcut designed for some foreign writer.

In these short chapters I have not attempted to say all that might be said, but rather by hints to show how very much might be made of the subject. Within a short distance of where I am now writing, there exist in private houses, almost unknown portraits of, I believe, Cardan and Sir John Cheke by Holbein, others well-authenticated of Harry Lawes and D. Garrick, and very probable originals of Pope, Milton, &c.

IX.

Of False and Unsatisfactory Portraits, and of altered Portraits.



S I have elsewhere intimated, it is almost impossible now to make a collection of original pictures of great men or celebrated women, and those who seek to form such a 'collection' must be content with engravings; but of these it is advisable to get the best, those copied direct from the originals; and the best impressions of these copies that can be procured. A copy from a copy of a picture is generally worthless, and a copy which attempts to 'improve' the original is in a worse case. I have seen copies of hard, ill-coloured, dark, and somewhat cracked and patched originals, that have been so softened, and polished, and flounced, and furbelowed that it were a sin to call them the likeness of anything human, or anything but a fiction of waxwork and drapery. There were cha-

racter, thought, and humanity in the despised original; nothing but vapid inanity in the copy. And it is not only unknown painters who have done this. Some who should have known better have been guilty of this deception. It has been often remarked though it is not always true, that painters paint themselves in their works. This is true of some. Bartolozzi in engraving made everything Bartolozzi, and the Holbein heads which he copied have more of the prettiness of the conscious dancing-master than of the sturdy old painter who forgot himself in his devotion to his art. What are the requisites to a fine portrait? It is not sufficient to have the features merely exactly copied, as in a plaster cast from the face; for in that case, the waxwork figures we see in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition would be at least as fine as a picture by Van Dyck, or a statue by Foley or Marochetti. Until lately it was held by portrait painters that a 'broad' style, in which individual peculiarities should be sacrificed to a 'general' effect, was essential; but now the pre-Raphaelite system would lead us into the extreme of the contrary. The perfect style would be to unite the two. With the utmost accuracy as to features and peculiarities, the general character should be seized, and the

picture should look as well near as distant. But besides this, the features and expression should be given at their best or most characteristic moment. The subtleties of expression are so refined that the painter, to excel, must 'hold,' as it has been stated, 'the compasses in the eye,' whilst the variation of the features under different moods of the mind or physical changes, are so great that we may actually measure with the calipers or a foot-rule, the differences in one person at different times. The ordinary artist will measure these foot-rule differences—the extraordinary artist will see the more subtle and evanescent effects of momentary expression, and will give them on the canvass, not by neglecting to 'finish the parts,' but by uniting that finish to the general finish. The passage in Reynolds' eleventh Discourse is calculated to mislead on this point.

"The excellence of Portrait-painting, and we may add, even the likeness, character, and countenance, depend more upon the general effect produced by the Painter than on the exact expression of the peculiarities, or minute discrimination of the parts. The chief attention of the artist is therefore employed in planting the features in their proper places, which so much contributes to giving the effect and

true impression of the whole. The very peculiarities may be reduced to classes and general descriptions; and there are therefore large ideas to be found even in this contracted subject. He may afterwards labour single features to what degree he thinks proper, but let him not forget continually to examine whether in finishing the parts he is not destroying the general effect." Now, by 'finish,' we ought not to understand, as Reynolds perhaps in this instance understood the word, smoothness or 'niggle,' but that accumulation of facts or truths, which Mr. Ruskin was the first, I think, to point out as the characteristic of true 'finish.' In this sense, if that finish were carried out throughout the portrait, the general effect must be improved, and could not be destroyed by it. The difficulty in practice lies in neglecting the mass of facts for the pleasure of giving prominence to some particular fact, or set of facts; and the partiality of a painter for some particular form of fact, will sometimes lead him to fancy it present when it is not. I speak of a conscientious painter, not of those who wilfully persist in placing the favourite form because they think the portrait would look better with it than without, irrespective of likeness.

But again, as time will not admit of *thorough* finish, the artist must select those facts that are important from the unimportant; and in the power of selecting these lies part of the greatness of the artist. Unless the artist is really great in his art, there will be danger that, in doing this, matters may be left out as unimportant, or as blemishes, which yet contribute greatly to the character or expression of the original; and as we cannot always have a Van Dyck, we cannot but sympathize with Cromwell, who desired Cooper not to leave out a single wart or pimple in his face, though at the risk of exclaiming as Charles II. is said to have done on seeing Riley's portrait of him: "If that is like me, I am a d—d ugly fellow." But, ugly or not, unless the portrait is like, at least in form and feature, it is worthless as a portrait.

We may have brilliancy of colour, good arrangement, great ' chiaro' scuro,' great ' impasto,' &c. in short, a fine picture of the genus ' homo,' but we have no portrait of the individual variety we look for. And it is surprising how many of these unsatisfactory portraits have been, not only painted but, engraved! Some engravings are quite the opposite to the person whose name is inscribed on the print. Thus in

the portrait of Robert Car, Earl of Somerset, by Houbbraken, he is represented as a dark, robust man, with black hair, while the Earl himself was ‘very effeminate, with light hair and a reddish beard,’ as he is represented in the print by S. Passe, which was contemporary. The portrait of Bayle, engraved by Petit, is said to be quite fictitious ; and, though there are several good portraits of Milton, there is one of him by Marshall of which the poet himself said : “ Will any one say that this portrait was the work of an ingenious hand ? My very friends, looking at my own natural countenance, know not whom it represents, but laugh at the awkward imitation of the idiotic artist.” So wrote Milton, in Greek, under an impression of this print !

Another great man is recorded by Luther to have been dissatisfied with what was probably a good portrait. “ If this be like me,” said Erasmus, “ I must be a knave.”—Possibly ! Learning, wit, and genius, may cover a multitude of peccadilloes ; yet the fine portrait of Erasmus, by Holbein, at Longford Castle, would not convey the idea which the learned and witty Reformer saw expressed in the portrait of himself. But Luther thus epigrammatically describes himself, Erasmus, and Melanchthon—

"Res et verba—Phillippus Melancthon
Verba sine re—Erasmus
Res sine verbis—Martin Luther."

The portrait of Erasmus, at Longford, is a fine and genuine specimen of the skill of the great artist. It was presented by the philosopher to Sir Thomas More, by the hands of Holbein, for whom it served as an introduction on his coming to England. It was purchased by Lord Radnor, at the sale of Dr. Meade, for only 105 guineas—its value now being probably ten times as much. At the same sale was purchased, for 90 guineas, the equally fine portrait of *Ægidius*, by Holbein, in the same collection.

As an illustration of the wonderful change in the value of some pictures, I cannot resist mentioning here (though with little reference to portraits), the two splendid pictures, by Claude, in the Longford Collection, known as the Morning and Evening of the Roman Empire. These are valued, in Smith's well-known Catalogue Raisonné, at £4,000 (four thousand) *each*. The first was purchased at Dr. Meade's sale for 100 guineas, and the other for 110 guineas only!

Reverting to those portraits, so exceedingly unlike the originals, one would be disposed to think

they had purposely been made so—perhaps to oblige people like that French (not Irish) lady who wishing for her lover's portrait, and he remonstrating that her husband would have suspicions, declared that she would have it made so unlike that nobody should know it! This is really the case with many engraved heads, as, besides those above mentioned, may be seen in several of Houbraken's set (Ben Jonson, Chief Justice Coke, &c.), and even Vertue—generally so scrupulous as to the authenticity of his authorities, and so servile in his copying, as to have obtained the name of 'the faithful Vertue,'—has been found tripping. He engraved a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, said to be by Zucchero, which yet he declared he considered not genuine, and also engraved a totally different one, after Janet, which he held to be authentic. Though there are some doubtlessly genuine portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, perhaps of no one have there been so many fictitious or 'fancy' portraits. Granger specifies above thirty engravings of her, and has yet omitted many. Among the portraits of her generally considered authentic is one by N. Hilliard, inscribed "Anno Dñi 1579, M. R." It is a miniature in the possession of C. S. Bale, Esq. Another, with Henry

Darnley, said to be by Vincentino, is in the collection of the Duke of Buccleugh. These will be remembered as having been in the recent 'Loan' exhibitions.*

But my business, just now, is not with genuine portraits, but with false and unsatisfactory portraits, and those as connected with engravings. One would think the most 'unsatisfactory' portrait to be had would be one without a head! Yet, however rational, amusing, and instructive the collecting of Portraits may be, it sometimes leads, like other pursuits, to great eccentricities, and among them is sometimes evinced a desire by collectors to get a portrait with the face blank! There are, for instance, impressions of some of Houbraken's plates taken after the borders and vignettes were done, but before the portrait was engraved; and collectors, bitten with the 'Graphomania,' will give more for these, on account of their rarity, than for the finished work. Some of the earlier engravers have taken similar proofs of their works. There is a print by Hollar of a man standing in a landscape,

* There is a very rare, probably unique, print by Elstracke of Mary and Darnley, standing side by side. This, at the Duke of Buckingham's sale at Sotheby's, sold for £33. 10s.

with deer in the distance, having a space left blank, where the head should be, for the insertion of any portrait that might be required, and this space was afterwards filled in with that of Charles II.; and there is an impression, doubtless unique, of the extremely rare print of Sir John Burgh, by Cecill, before the face was inserted, which would perhaps be preferred to the finished print by some who love a print, for its money's worth, as others love a lady, not for her beauty or mind, but for her stake in 'Consols.' Thus the portrait of Uytenbogaert, called 'the Gold-Weigher,' by Rembrandt, in the first state, that is with the face *only in outline*, sold at Sotheby's in 1864 for as much as £51!—an ordinary impression with the face finished being to be had for from 2 to 10 guineas, according to condition. Another class of portraits which may be noticed here as 'unsatisfactory,' are those which have been altered from the image of one person to that of another. There are numerous instances of this practice known both to old times and to the present day. I shall not interfere with the latter, but may mention some curious cases occurring among old prints. That of Sir John Burgh, for example, cited above, was altered to Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and the

value of the print greatly differs in the two portraits. The latter may be purchased for half-a-crown : the former has sold for as much as eleven guineas ! There is a rare print by W. Passee of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, on horseback, 1625, which was altered to a portrait of James, Marquis of Hamilton. In its first state it has sold for very high sums. Caulfield marks it at £25. In Mr. Marshall's sale in 1864, it sold for £13. The portrait of Sir Richard Whittington, by Elstracke (of course apocryphal), was first published with his hand resting on a skull, as I have before mentioned, but the skull was altered to a cat ; and although this did not affect the portrait, it did the sale of the print. In the first state, there was little demand for it. Few impressions were taken, and they are consequently now very rare, and valuable. The second state is of little value. In the print of James the First and Prince Henry, by William Passee, the Prince is represented standing by a table on which, in the first state of the plate, which is unique, is placed a crown, the King holding another on his knee. These crowns, on the death of the personages represented, were erased, and two skulls substituted. Afterwards the portrait of Prince Henry was altered

to that of his brother Charles. There is an exceedingly rare print of James the First sitting in Parliament, engraved by Elstracke. In this many alterations were made, at a later period, in the portraits and armorial bearings of the nobility, to suit the changes caused by death or otherwise, but both of these states are so rare that their commercial value appears to be equal. They each sold in Sir Mark Sykes' sale for 41 guineas.

In most instances, where alterations of this kind have been made, the earlier states bear a value immeasurably beyond those of the later, but there has occurred a singular instance of the contrary in the unique print of the equestrian portraits of the Earls of Oxford and Southampton in armour ('sould by Tho. Jenner') which brought, in the sale of Mr. R. Grave, £48, and again in that of Sir Mark Sykes, £47. 5s. This print had been altered from a Dutch print of Prince Maurice and his brother, of little value. There is a similar instance in the plate of the Earl of Essex and Baron Willoughby of Eresby, on horseback, the heads of these noblemen having replaced those, obliterated, of Ferdinand II. Emperor of Germany and the Count de Burquoy, which had before been substituted for the

Count and the Marquis Spinola. In this instance the *third* state of the plate sold for seven times that of the *second*, and double that of the *first*!

Numerous other instances of alterations in portraits might be adduced. Charles changed to Cromwell, and *vice versa*; Cromwell to William III., (by Faithorne), &c.; but I only pretend to give here 'indications' of such facts, without attempting a catalogue.

I must, however, refer to a more pernicious sort of alteration than those given above, namely, where the alteration consists only of a change of title or inscription of the print, a respectable individual of one year, perhaps figuring in the next as a notorious criminal! Publishers are not wholly guiltless of this practice in the present day; even *Cartes de Visite* sometimes being pressed to act as members of Parliament in Regent Street, and murderers in Cheapside; but it was a fraud perpetrated in early days of print publishing. I will mention, however, only the print of Endymion Porter, by Faithorne, which was altered to Robert Earl of Essex, simply by the inscription, the face being scarcely touched. It is remarkable, and ought to be stated here, that both Granger and Bromley trans-

pose the case, and made the latter the *first* state. As examples of this ‘double-dealing,’ Caulfield compares the portrait of “Mr. Pond, the son of a horse dealer, (and from that circumstance nicknamed *Horse Pond*,) with that of Dr. Walcot, inscribed Peter Pindar, both from the same plate, with nothing but the writing altered.” The portrait of a Mrs. Hodges, with the same happy facility, was transformed into Mrs. Fitzherbert, and that again into the ‘Princess Caroline of Brunswick,’ without the least alteration in feature or person. A portrait of Lamotte, the French Spy, was also sold as a portrait of Hackman the assassin of Miss Ray—and one of the Cartes de Visite of Müller the murderer of Mr. Briggs, was said to be printed from an old negative of a popular preacher!

It would almost seem as if some of these portraits were prepared purposely to serve many purposes, or at least to do double duty like the sheet mentioned by Goldsmith, or like those Janus-like letters which may be read two ways, of which the letter of recommendation said to be from Cardinal Richelieu is only one of several well-known. I mean that which begins :—

"Mr Campoia, Savoyard and friar, is to be the bearer to you of this letter; he is one of the most vicious persons that I ever knew, and, &c. &c."

There is, by the bye, a very clever composition of this kind very little known, as it is in one of those now rare papers called 'The Popish Courant,' in "The Weekly Packet of Advice from Rome," by J. Care, 1679. It is there entitled 'The Jesuits' double-faced Creed'—

I hold for sound faith	What England's church allows
What Rome's faith saith	My conscience disavows
Where the King's head	The flock can take no shame
The flock's misled	Who hold the Pope supreme
Where th' Altar's dress'd	The Worship's scarce divine :
The people's bless'd	Whose table's bread and wine
He's but an ass	Who their communion flies
Who shuns the mass	Is Catholick and wise—

Since I have mentioned modern *Cartes de Visite*, (the origin of which name will perhaps not be understood a hundred years hence, when private telegraphs will be as common as visiting cards are now!) I will add here a few words respecting 'Silhouettes,' a name of comparatively modern use, and generally unknown derivation, but which every body knows is the name of those common black profiles, which are cut out with scissors, or drawn with a machine.

D'Israeli in his "Curiosities of Literature" records the origin of the name. He says, "It is little suspected that this innocent term originated in a political nickname! Silhouette was a minister of state in France, in 1759; that period was a critical one; the treasury was in an exhausted condition, and Silhouette, a very honest man, who would hold no intercourse with financiers or loan-mongers, could contrive no other expedient to prevent a national bankruptcy than excessive economy and interminable reform. Paris was not the metropolis, any more than London, where a Plato or a Zeno could long be Minister of State without incurring all the ridicule of the wretched wits. At first they pretended to take his advice merely to laugh at him;—they cut their coats shorter, and wore them without sleeves; they turned their gold snuff-boxes into rough wooden ones; and the new-fashioned portraits were now only profiles of a face, traced by a black pencil on the shadow cast by a candle on white paper. All the fashions assumed an air of niggardly economy, till poor Silhouette was driven into retirement, with all his project of savings and reforms; but he left his name to describe the most economical sort of portrait, and one as melancholy as his own fate!"

Although many heads altogether fictitious or fanciful are yet inscribed with the name of the person and artist, and date, and “ætatis suæ,” &c. still seeing is not always believing. Apropôs to which let me enliven a dry subject by a good anecdote of Fontenelle. I retail it as given by Walpole. The Abbé Regnier, Secretary to the French Academy, was collecting in his hat from each member a contribution for a certain purpose. The President Roses, one of the forty, was a great miser, but had paid his quota; which the Abbé not perceiving, he presented his hat a second time. Roses, as was to be expected, said he had already paid. “I believe it,” answered Regnier, “though I did not see it.” “And I,” said Fontenelle, who was beside him, “I saw it, but I don’t believe it.”

I wonder if Roses, or any other miser, ever lamented over oyster-shells, like that swearing miser Gyles Earle, who was Lord of the Treasury in 1737, and very covetous, yet affected to be more so than he really was. One day as he was eating oysters, he said, “Jove! what fine things oysters would be, if one could make one’s servants live on the shells!”*

* “Marlborough Street and Pall Mall.” Sir C. H. Williams.

X.

Collections and Collectors, Prints and Print-sellers.



PROPOSE in the present chapter to put together some notes respecting the matters indicated by the above title, but the subjects are so blended, that it will be difficult to separate them in what I have to say.

To commence, I must premise that only collections of Prints or “Engravings” are here meant. There were galleries of pictures, we know, before the art of engraving, or at least of engraving portraits, became common; but as even portraits in oil by Holbein and his contemporaries were comparatively few, we can scarcely speak of ‘Collections’ until engraving allowed those who had not a very long purse to indulge their tastes in this respect. Of Galleries of Pictures, Waagen’s volumes of descrip-

tion of those in England, are nearly all that need be wished for the large houses, except that his remarks almost always apply to the art, and not to the history or associations connected with the subject of the picture. Portraits therefore are very summarily treated at his hands, and a work of similar extent is yet a desideratum on that subject, besides that there are many interesting portraits scattered by twos and threes in the smaller mansions of old England fully deserving to be recorded. Though we have no reputed collections before Ashmole and Evelyn's time, small collections must have been made of the prints that from time to time issued from the hands of the engravers in the Elizabethan period, increasing in the reigns of James and Charles I., until in the time of Charles II. and later, the collections became so important as to be considered a speciality, and as such 'Collecting' was taken up as an amusement by many.

I do not intend to compile a history of collectors or collections, but simply to mention a few of mark in connection with my subject. Evelyn, in Chapter VIII. of his *Numismata*, has gone into the antiquity of the matter, ransacking Pliny, Martial, &c. for accounts of Atticus and Varro, and mentioning

other collectors of old until he reaches more modern collectors of Portraits, and concludes with his "worthy Friend Samuel Pepys Esquire; as he is a diligent and laudable collector of this, and of whatsoever else is curious and of solid benefit to the Public."

Evelyn seems to have overlooked Cicero. Both Hortensius and Cicero were great collectors (but not of course of prints) as well as Atticus.

Atticus wrote to Cicero, informing him that he should send him a fine statue in which the heads of Mercury and Minerva were united together, "expressing the happy union of exercise and study;" and Cicero writes, "your discovery is admirable, and the statue seems to be made purposely for my cabinet. . . . I have paid your agent Cincius for the Megaric statues: send me as many of them as you can. . . . You cannot imagine how my passion increases for this sort of thing." Atticus seems to have procured these and other rarities at a moderate price for his friend. Cicero says: "Te multum amamus, quod ea abs te diligenter, parvoque curata sunt."

Collectors were no doubt influenced in adopting the pursuit which is more immediately before us by the beauty of the engravings as well as by the

biographical interest attaching to the portraits they purchased. This must have been particularly the case when Hollar, Faithorne, Blooteling, &c. engraved from the works of Van Dyck, Lely, and Kneller. Thomas Flatman, no mean artist, and not a very bad poet, (Pope has closely copied some of his verses in the poem of "The Dying Christian to his Soul"), says :—

"A 'Faithorne sculpsit' is a charm can save
From dull oblivion, and a gaping grave"—

and this is amply proved in the present day, when we refer with pleasure to portraits by Faithorne of persons of whom otherwise we should know nothing about.

In most cases the collector had to form his collection by the purchase of individual prints, but there were two or three parcels of portraits published in sets, some years before Lombart, Houbraken, &c. brought out their several well-known series. The earliest of these was the *Baziliologia*, or Book of Kings, of which the title, engraved by Elstracke, runs thus:—

"Baziliologia :—A Booke of Kings. Beeing the true and liuely Effigies of all our English Kings, from the Conquest vntil this present: with their severall Coats of Armes, Impresses and Devises.

And a briefe Chronologie of their Lives and Deaths. Elegantly graven in Copper. Printed for H. Holland, &c., 1618." It is a *folio*, and in the first instance it contained only the portraits of the English Sovereigns, engraved by Elstracke, which are generally of little value, but subsequently those of eminent persons of the time (which had been published separately by Compton Holland, Sudbury and Humble, L. Lisle, Jenner, and others,) were added, and in this state the book is now of great value, varying of course according to the number, rarity, and quality of the prints, for no two copies that have appeared for sale have been alike. From one sold by Sotheby in 1822, and another by Stewart and Wheatley in 1827, there might be enumerated 32 portraits. We can scarcely judge of the value of the book, differing as it does in the number and state of the prints it contains; and the few copies that have occurred for sale have been broken up, and the prints sold separately. One of the most important of these was the Delabere set, sold by Christie, in Pall Mall, in March 1811, and which, sold separately, altogether realized nearly £600. This copy was obtained in a remarkable manner, for the particulars of which

I am indebted to the courtesy of the eminent and respected printseller, Mr. Dominic Colnaghi. In the year 1808, a gentleman called and showed to the late Mr. Colnaghi, a book of Portraits, for which a dealer had just offered him £50. Thinking, from the apparently liberal offer, that the book might be worth more, he had brought it for Mr. C.'s opinion. The latter submitted it to his son, then a young man, who had, however, made the study of portraits a favourite pursuit, and Mr. Dominic immediately discovered it to be the copy of the *Baziliōlogia*, described by Granger as belonging to the Delabere family; and after a careful inspection valued it at from £550 to £600. The proprietor was, of course, well pleased at the result, but was not then inclined to part with it. About three years after, however, he wrote to Mr. Colnaghi, stating that his wife requiring her drawing-room to be refurnished and embellished, and the upholsterer's estimate being £350, he might, if so inclined, have the book at that price, which offer was accordingly accepted. The result was as above stated, thus establishing the correctness of Mr. Dominic Colnaghi's judgment in a remarkable degree.

Among the prints in this copy of the book, was

a whole length portrait of "Mull'd Sack," a Chimney Sweeper, which brought the large sum of £42. 10s, and was bought by the Marchioness of Bath, at whose sale it realized the increased sum of £60. 12s! Since then two other impressions of this print, at first considered unique, have been discovered, and the value has declined. Mr. Tunno was the purchaser at £60. 12s, and on his death, his prints being sold, in 1863, this Chimney Sweeper was considered to be worth only £34.! Another impression was sold by Stewart and Wheatley, in 1827, for £30.

Some account of this notorious rogue, for whose portrait a lady of title and noblemen bid high prices, may not be uninteresting. His name was John Cottington, and he was the youngest of nineteen children. At an early age he was apprenticed to a Chimney Sweeper, but ran away and became a thief, exhibiting in his new business great expertness. Among other exploits he robbed Lady Fairfax of a gold watch, picked the pocket of Oliver Cromwell as he was coming out of the House of Commons; and stole from the Receiver General's house, at Reading, property worth £7000. He afterwards had a 'little difficulty' with one John Bridges, whom he murdered, in consequence of an intrigue with his

wife, and was obliged to fly the country. At Cologne he robbed Charles II., then in exile, of plate to a large amount ; and, returning to England, was apprehended, tried, convicted, and executed in Smithfield, April 1659, at the advanced age, considering his career, of 55 years. He acquired his nickname of ‘Mull’d Sack’ from his fondness for that liquor.

A contemporary work, of somewhat similar character to the *Baziliologia*, was the *Herwologia*, which is a collection of portraits, engraved chiefly from publications of different engravers or printsellers, and is now rare. The title is “*Herwologia Anglicæ, hoc est clarissimorum et doctissimorum aliquot [sic] Anglorum, qui floruerunt ab Anno Cristi M.D. vsq. ad presentem Annvm M.D.C.XX. vivæ Effigies, Vitæ et Elogia*”—&c. 2 vols. folio. This work contains the first regular series of English Heads, most of them being engraved by the family of Pass. Lowndes enumerates 67 portraits, and copies a very curious account of the sources whence many of them were taken, from MS. notes, apparently contemporary, to the copy that was formerly in the possession of Sir J. W. Lake, Bart. This is in many cases so interesting, that I shall combine the two lists as given by Lowndes in the following :—

1. Henry VIII.
2. Tho. Cromwell, Earl of From Richmond,
Essex H. Holbein.
3. Sir Tho. More Ditto ,
4. Card. Wolsey Ditto ,
5. Card. Reg. Pole From Lambeth House.
6. Edward VI. From Whitehall,
H. Holbein
7. Edward Seymour, D. of From the Earl of Hert-
Somerset ford's Gall., Blackfr.
8. Lady Jane Grey From Mr.J.Harrison's,
H. Holbein.
9. Queen Elizabeth From John de Critz.
10. Tomb of Elizabeth
11. Henry Prince of Wales From Antwerp, Rubens.
12. Henry Prince of Wales From Whitehall.
a whole length, tilting
13. Tomb of Prince Henry
14. Sir John Cheke From the Cecilian Gall.
15. W. Herbert, Earl of From the Pembrokian
Pembroke Gallery.
16. Walter Devereux, Earl From Richmond.
of Essex
17. Sir Nich. Bacon From a shop in the
Strand.

18. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, From a shop in the
Navigator Strand.
19. Sir Henry Sydney, K.G. From Baynard's Castle.
20. Sir Philip Sydney From John de Critz.
21. Robert Dudley Earl of From one in Holland.
Leicester
22. Ambrose Dudley Earl of From Stationers' Hall.
Warwick
23. Sir Fran. Walsingham From John de Critz.
24. Sir Richard Granville, From a shop in the
Navigator Strand.
25. Th. Candish, Navigator Ditto
26. Chr. Carlisle, Navigator Ditto
27. Sir Martin Frobisher, Ditto
Navigator
28. J. Hawkins, Navigator Ditto
29. Sir F. Drake, Navigator Ditto
30. W. Cecil, Lord Burleigh From the Cecilian Gall.
31. Henry Herbert, Earl of From the Pembrokian
Pembroke Gallery.
32. Robert Devereux, Earl From York House.
of Essex
33. G. Clifford, Earl of Cum- From a shop in the
berland Strand.
34. R. Cecil, E. of Salisbury From the Cecilian Gall.

35. Th. Sutton, Founder of From the Charterhouse
the Charterhouse house.

36. John Harington, Lord From one done by
Harington of Exton Isaac Oliver.

37. John, second Lord Har-
ington

38. John Colet, Dean of St.
Paul's

39. W. Tindal, Martyr From a shop in Fleet
Street.

40. John Bradford, Martyr From a shop in the
Strand.

41. Bishop Hugh Latymer, Ditto
Martyr

42. Bishop Nicholas Ridley, From a shop in Black-
Martyr friars.

43. John Rogers, Martyr Ditto

44. Laur. Sanders, Martyr Ditto

45. Abp. Thos. Cranmer From Lambeth House.

46. J. Bale, Bp. of Ossory

47. Bishop John Jewell From a shop in Black-
friars.

48. David Whitehead, ob. Ditto
1571

49. Abp. Mathew Parker From Lambeth House.

50. Thomas Becon From his picture with
works in Engl., fol.

51. John Cay, M.D. From Caius College,
Cambridge.

52. Robert Abbot, Bp. of From Lambeth House.
Salisbury

53. James Montagu, Bp. of From one in Win-
chester Winchester House.

54. Edward Dering From Mr. J. Harion's.

55. Abp. Edmund Grindall From Lambeth House.

56. J. Fox, Martyrologist From Dr. Fox his son's
house.

57. Abp. Edwin Sandys From Sir Edwin San-
dys his son's house.

58. Laurence Humfrey From one at Oxford.

59. John Moore, S.T.P. From his picture in his
descript. of Canaan.

60. Wm. Whittaker, S.T.P. From John Scot, in
Cambridge.

61. Alexander Nowell From a shop by Paul's.

62. Wm. Perkins, S.T.P. From one in a kins-
man's custody.

63. Abp. John Whitgift From one done by Sir
George Paul, his
comptroller.

64. John Reynolds, D.D. From one at Oxford.
65. Richard Vaughan, Bp. From one at London
of London House.
66. Gervase Babington, Bp. From one done in his
of Worcester works, in folio.
67. Thos. Holland, S.T.P. From one done at Oxf.

It is a pity we have not a similar list of authorities for portraits published in other works and as frontispieces to books.

Of 17 copies of this work, sold at different times, quoted by Lowndes, the prices vary from £5. 5s. to £18, except one, a presentation copy to Robert Earl of Leicester, by Henry Holland, which sold for £27. 16s. 6d.

These collections were the forerunners of the different series of Portraits published by Vander Enden in Amsterdam (after Van Dyck); by Lombart, the engraver, of the Ladies of the Court of Charles I., after Van Dyck; by Faber, mezzotints of the Beauties of the Court of Charles II., after Kneller; and by Houbraken, Vertue, and others, until they became too numerous to be detailed after the publication of the Catalogue of Engraved Portraits, with notes, by the Rev. J. Granger, entitled "The Biographical History of England." This work was written with

the assistance, principally, of Horace Walpole, and Vertue the Engraver, who was also a most pains-taking antiquarian in matters connected with art. It enumerates and describes in chronological order almost every known engraved English portrait up to 1688 ; and to each individual mentioned there is a short biographical notice enlivened with characteristic anecdotes, and occasional remarks of the editor. The first edition was published in 1769-74 in 3 vols. 4to, but it was afterwards revised and greatly extended, and has passed through several editions since 1775, when the second edition in 4 vols. 8vo. was published. The fifth edition in 6 vols. 8vo. was published in 1824, and another has only recently been issued. A supplement to this well-known work was written, on the same plan, by the Rev. Mark Noble, bringing the information up to the end of the reign of George I., and published in 3 vols. 8vo. This also is very useful, but the biographical notices want the spirit and force of those by Granger. It was published at a time when there was a growing inclination to "illustrate" works, by inserting, or inlaying in blank sheets, engravings of portraits of persons mentioned in them. The Biographical History of England became itself a great favourite

for this especial purpose, and in some instances was illustrated at an immense expense with the rarest and finest portraits that could be procured. Among those who were induced to commence the 'illustration' of Granger's work on its first appearance was James Bindley, Esq., the well-known book collector, and he continued to form his collection of prints for this purpose, for nearly 60 years ! This collection was sold, at his death, by Mr. Sotheby in 1819, in a 19 days' sale, and realized the sum of £5555.

Sir Mark Masterman Sykes was another zealous amateur of this period, and his collection of portraits even exceeded in interest and value that of Mr. Bindley. It contained most of the earliest and finest prints known, and when they were at last brought to the hammer, also at Sotheby's, and also forming (with the portraits of a date subsequent to Granger's History) a 19 days' sale, they realized the sum of £7597. Such was the value of an 'Illustrated Granger' ! The number and beauty of the works of Faithorne in Sir M. Sykes' collection were extraordinary. Almost every known portrait engraved by him was there, many of them proofs or in early states, and so fine that these alone sold for nearly £1300.

Nothing in engraved portraiture can exceed in beauty the productions of this greatly admired artist. He was born in London, and worked under Peake, afterwards Sir William Peake, the printseller, with whom he joined the forces of Charles I. at the breaking out of the civil war. He was taken prisoner at Basingstoke, by the Parliamentary army, and confined in Aldersgate, where, however, he contrived to exercise his art as engraver. After some time he was permitted to retire to France, where he studied under Nanteuil, and on his return to England about 1650, he set up as an engraver and printseller for himself, at the sign of the Ship outside Temple Bar. Here he engraved some of his finest prints, and became as celebrated as the famous Nanteuil, not only as an engraver, but as a painter in crayons and water colours. His heads of Sir William and Lady Paston (Mr. Holloway gave £70 for the two, at Mr. Marshall's sale), and of Margaret Smith, Lady Herbert, after Van Dyck, are among his best works. Not inferior is that of Charles the second, in armour, which, in the first state, before the introduction of the Royal arms, and with six English verses at bottom beginning, "The second Charles, heire of the Royal Martyr," is a print, as are the pre-

ceding, of great rarity, and worth from £40 to £50. (One sold in 1864 for £45 at Sotheby's.) Another of his prints, almost unique, is a portrait of Sir Francis Englefield, which sold at Sir James Lake's sale for the sum of 70 guineas, being bought by Sir M. Sykes, against the Marchioness of Bath. These prints may be seen in the Print Room of the British Museum, where is an almost complete series of the works of Faithorne, some of which are exhibited in frames, in the King's Library there. About the year 1680, Faithorne retired to a more private life, living in Printing-house-yard, but still exercising his art, until his death in May 1691. He is buried in St. Anne's Blackfriars. He had a son, William, who engraved in mezzotint, and another who was much patronised as a bookseller.

We have a few occasional notices of Faithorne, and other engravers and printsellers, in the writings of Evelyn, Aubrey, &c., but they are not always accessible, and the least notices, therefore, that give any idea of the engravers and their doings may be welcomed by the amateur of their works.

There are several entries in Pepys's Journal, that create longings among collectors to have lived in his time !

"1666, Nov. 7. Called at Faythorne's, to buy some prints for my wife to draw by this winter, and here did see my Lady Castlemaine's picture, done by him from Lilly's in red chalke and other colours, by which he hath cut it in copper to be printed. The picture in chalke is the finest thing I ever saw in my life, I think; and I did desire to buy it; but he says he must keep it awhile to correct his copper-plate by, and when that is done he will sell it me."

"1666, Dec. 1. By coach home in the evening, calling at Faythorne's, buying three of my Lady Castlemaine's heads printed this day, which indeed is, as to the head, I think, a very fine picture, and like her."*

"1667-7, Jan. 9. Thence to Faythorne, and bought a head or two: one of them my Lord of Ormond's, the best I ever saw."

These visits to the printsellers at that time were made I daresay much as they are now. The general purchaser would be served with the ordinary prints in the outer shop, as Sir Walter Scott describes the

* This print is remarkably rare now. One was bought by Mr. Woodburn, at Bindley's sale, in 1819, for £79! Yet it is a curious illustration of the uncertainty of value in prints of this class, that the *same* impression when sold in the collection of the late John Corrie, Esq., in 1863, brought only £36!

habitation of old Ramsay the watchmaker ; whilst the 'Collector' or 'Connoisseur' would be ushered into the snug little room at the back, and tempted with first impressions and proofs just taken of the new print 'the inscription not yet sculptured thereon' ! And whilst the fashionables would stop for awhile at Sir W. Peake's or Faithorne's, the antiquaries would seek out less known abodes, and 'pick up' bargains at Hollar's, or find out the hidden lodging of Grinling Gibbons at Deptford.

In an interesting letter by Evelyn to Pepys, in the Cockerell collection, printed by Lord Braybrooke, we have a short statement of the most eminent engravers of portraits in England up to this time. In mentioning the earlier engravings, he says, "These prints were sold by George Humble and Sudbury, at the Pope's Head in Cornhill ; by Jenner, at the Exchange ; one Seager, I know not where ; and Roger Daniel : but who had the most choice, was Mr. Peake, near Holborn Conduit ; and if there be any who can direct you where you may most likely hear what became of their plates and works of this kind, I believe nobody may so well inform you as Mr. Faithorne (father to the bookseller,) who, if I am not mistaken, was apprenticed to Sir

William Peake, for both he and Humble were made Knights, and therefore it may be worth your while to inquire of him.”*

I have said little of Hollar, but his works merit to be specially mentioned for their taste and truthfulness. Many of his portraits, taken from old pictures, are particularly fine, and when in good state and rich in impression, which is a rare thing, owing to their great delicacy, are valuable. One of his rarest engravings, the portrait of Sir Thomas Chaloner, tutor to Edward VI. after Holbein, has sold for as much as 59 guineas, but recently the same impression has not realised more than 30 guineas. The variations in the prices given for the identical impression of a print at different times are very remarkable, and in this print of Sir Thomas Chaloner we have curious instances of this variation within a very short time. There are two states of the print, both extremely rare. In the first state there are mistakes in spelling in the inscription, the word Poeseôs being spelt Poeseas, Vero written Verè, &c. This was the impression mentioned above. At Mr. Corrie’s sale in April, 1863, it was bought by J. Marshall, Esq. for 11 guineas, at whose sale in

* Pepys’ Memoirs, ed. 1828, vol. v. p. 169.

1864 it sold for £30. 10s. The second state sold at the sale of Mr. Tunno in July, 1863, for £17. The same impression in Mr. Marshall's sale, the following year, brought £31. 10s !

The life of Hollar is a melancholy instance of patient plodding industry directed by great talent and regulated by honest conscientiousness, working a life out almost unnoticed and unrewarded ! Born at Prague of respectable parents, he was educated for the law, but his family being ruined by political commotions, he turned his attention to the arts and became an engraver. He travelled in this capacity from one city to another, through Germany, trying in vain to procure more than the bare necessities of life. At length he was taken notice of, in Germany, by the Earl of Arundel, who induced him to come to England and introduced him to Charles the First. But this glimpse of prosperity was of short duration. He became mixed up in the Civil Wars, was taken prisoner (as was Faithorne) by Cromwell's party, and with difficulty escaped to Holland, where he worked for the booksellers for bare subsistence. After the Restoration he returned to England, and seemed to be at last making some way, when the Plague, and then the Fire of London upset all his

hopes. He got a little employment from the print-sellers, and, it is said, worked for them for only fourpence an hour, timing his work by an hour-glass, which he invariably turned down, if any one, even his employer, engaged him in talk or other matters, so that his engraving for the time was stopped. During this drudgery, once more fortune seemed to favour him. He was employed by Government to make drawings of the town and forts of Tangiers, and spent a long time with the fleet on this expedition. But he narrowly escaped being made a prisoner by the Turks, and on his return home, only with great difficulty got some money for his work, and that such a miserable pittance, considering the time lost, and the hazard and the difficulties he encountered that, had he not been inured to misery, it must, one would think, have broken his heart. He lived on, however, a few years, a book-sellers' hack, but even they at last neglected him, and he died, the 27th March, 1667, at the age of seventy, worn out and penniless. At the time of his death the bailiffs were in his lodgings to seize for rent. He besought their forbearance only for an hour or two, saying they might then take the

only piece of furniture he had, the bed on which he was lying—and so saying, he died.

I have mentioned the Bindley and Sykes ‘*Grangers*,’ and I ought not to omit, as an ‘illustrated’ book, the Sutherland ‘*Clarendon*,’ perhaps the finest work of the kind ever undertaken. It was commenced by A. H. Sutherland, Esq. who devoted twenty-three years to the object, and was continued after his death with even increased liberality and energy by his widow, who at length presented it to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. This magnificent work consists of thirty-one large folio volumes, to which is added Burnet’s ‘*History of the Rebellion*,’ in twenty-six volumes, the whole containing no less than 18,742 prints and drawings, many of the utmost rarity. Perhaps the highest priced portrait in the collection is the whole length of John Felton, who ‘most miserably kil’d the Right Hon. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, August y^e 23, 1628,’ of which no other impression is known to exist. It cost Mrs. Sutherland £80; but Mr. E. W. Martin, another eminent portrait collector, offered 100 guineas if the lady would concede it to him! A facsimile of it has been engraved, and one is dis-

posed to wonder, just as one wonders at people going to see giants and dwarfs, how anybody could care to give the price of a fine work of art for so miserable a print! Mr. Martin himself possessed a collection of rare portraits, and also an illustrated copy of Strutt's 'Dictionary of Engravers,' with many thousand fine specimens, mounted and arranged in thirty-seven volumes, folio.

Whilst on the subject of 'illustrated' works, in the sense of 'sixty years since'—it may not be out of place to mention here another splendid work, that of Mr. T. Wilson's Shakspeare, comprised in twenty volumes (including one of Index). The edition used was Boydell's folio. It contained seven hundred engraved portraits, including every important one mentioned by Granger or Bromley, illustrative of Shakspeare; two hundred engraved topographical subjects, and four hundred and fifty scenic subjects, beside one hundred and fifty drawings by some of the most eminent artists, including forty in oil and water-colours by Stothard and Smirke. This magnificent work was purchased of the proprietor for a considerable sum by a print-seller, who, after vainly endeavouring to dispose of it entire at a moderate profit, at last sold the prints,

&c. separately, by which, however, he eventually realized considerably more than he asked for the work complete. It contained the rare portrait of Joseph Harris, the actor, in the character of Cardinal Wolsey, of which one only other impression exists, that, namely, in the Pepysian Collection at Cambridge, (formerly alluded to). This interesting portrait was sold to the late Charles Mathews, who had a large collection of theatrical portraits, both engravings and oil and water-colour pictures. To look through these, with Charles Mathews as showman, abounding in racy anecdote, illustrated with most perfect mimetic impersonation, and withal in so genial and gentlemanly a manner, was one of those treats which we may style in printsellers' language 'presque unique' ! This rare print of Harris, in mezzotint, was copied, and forms the frontispiece of the printed Catalogue of Mr. Wilson's Collection.

Sir James Winter Lake, as an amateur, deserves more than a passing mention. This baronet was one of those great collectors who gave a splendour, a kind of lustre of nobility, to the art of illustrating, which induced an ambition in others to compete, whilst it perhaps drove many from the field who,

if comparisons had not been odious, would have made fair and pleasing collections. Sir James Lake devoted many years to the acquisition of his splendid series of portraits, which extended to the reign of the then reigning monarch George the Third, and filled no less than forty volumes, uniformly mounted. His celebrated sale took place at Stewart's rooms in Piccadilly in April, 1808, and occupied twelve days. Here the great amateurs of the day, Sir Mark M. Sykes, Sir William Musgrave, Messrs. Bindley, Tynte, Sutherland, Townley, Bull, Cracherode, Lloyd, the Marchioness of Bath, &c. were enabled to replenish their folios, and to do battle with each other for prizes which were of considerable value. This was the period when the fashion of the 18th century to attend auctions was almost at its culminating point. Previously there had been the sales of Mr. West (which contained a great portion of Lord Oxford's collection), Dr. Fothergill, Mr. Bull, &c. and, going back still further, we may notice the sales of Dr. Meade, Richardson, (the portrait painter), Jervas, Kneller, Lely, &c. which, though not confined to portraits, contained a great preponderance of them. The demand for fine portraits, and the high prices given for fine and rare impres-

sions at the end of the last and the early part of the present century, induced many gentlemen to dispose of family collections, and among them was the celebrated collection of Evelyn, formed at a time when the best specimens of Faithorne, Hollar, and contemporary artists were to be picked out of the stock of the engravers themselves. A portion of this collection came into the possession of the well-known Mr. Upcott, and was by him sold to Mr. S. Woodburn, the eminent printseller. Mr. Woodburn published, in 1815, a sale 'Catalogue of British Portraits,' in which these were incorporated. This catalogue, now very scarce, exhibits the most extraordinary collection ever offered for sale. The price of every article above £1. 1*s*, to the extent of £10. 10*s*, is marked, those above being left blank. Some of these 'blanks' were worth 40, 50, and 60 guineas each, indeed that of James the First sitting in Parliament, (two states with variations) which afterwards graced the collection of Sir M. M. Sykes, was valued at £130. The number of prints within the above-mentioned limitation of price, exceeded 1,300; but there were many hundreds more in the collection which were not enumerated.

As many instances have been given of what may

be considered exorbitant prices paid for English portraits, it may not be irrelevant to mention that such high sums have often been exceeded in the matter of *foreign* portraits. These however are collected not so much for illustration as for specimens of the great talents of the engravers, and sometimes not on account of the *portrait*, but on account of the *painter*; and, again, the prices are given not so much for the beauty of the print as for its rarity or for some peculiarity. Thus, the portrait of the poet Pietro Aretino, by the eminent early Italian engraver, Marc Antonio Raimondi, *in a proof state, before the inscription*, which is in the British Museum, and considered to be unique, cost £100, and were it now 'in the market' would readily bring double that sum. Some of Rembrandt's portraits, in certain states, would command even much higher prices. That, for instance, of Lieven Van Coppenol, the famous Dutch writing master, before the background was introduced; the Burgomaster Jan Six, in a certain early state, before an alteration in the window-sill on which he is leaning; Ephraim Bonus, the physician, with less work than in the usual state; and one of the portraits of Rembrandt himself, holding a sabre, before the plate was re-

duced in size; would bring such prices, were they to occur for public competition, as would dwarf the highest sums obtainable for English portraits.

However, these are special cases, collected as curiosities, and as the works of Marc Antonio, and Rembrandt, without regard to the person represented, and therefore it is scarcely fair to enumerate them, though as remarkable instances of excessive value attaching to engravings of portraits they may be excused making an appearance. More pertinent to the comparison are the works of Nanteuil, Drevet, Masson, &c., splendid engravers and justly celebrated. The portrait of Bishop Bossuet, after Rigaud by Drevet, first state, sold in London, quite recently, for £35, and has sold for something more in Paris. Of Nanteuil may be cited the portrait of Pompone de Bellievre, (a most beautiful specimen of the engraver's art,) which, in the first state, brought in Mr. Marshall's sale in 1864 £44, being slightly above what it had, a short time before, sold for in Paris. With these high prices we may rank a fine English print of a more recent date, viz., that by Sir Robert Strange, of Charles I. in his robes after Van Dyck, which, being a proof before letters with the marks of the graver in the margin, sold at Sotheby's

for £62, and another of his, Charles I. and the Marquis of Hamilton, proof before letters, sold in the same sale for £32. 10*s.* It is something remarkable that both these prints were bought by Frenchmen, showing *their* estimate of the man who was snubbed by *our* Royal Academy !

To those unaccustomed to the ‘ virtuoso ’ standard of excellence it is a matter of surprise to find what immense sums are given for prints which perhaps the engraver, and the general world, considered imperfect. A portrait without the face ; a head without a background ; a face without the last finishing touches of the graver ; are considered sometimes ten times more valuable than the finished engraving ; and it must be a great mystery and difficulty, even to the purchaser, to reconcile his love of rarity with his love of art. Besides, however, these curiosities of ‘ first states,’ &c., there is another element regulating high prices, viz., condition of paper and size of margin ! On this subject the following remarks are sent me by an enthusiastic and old fashioned print-seller, and *real lover* of old prints, to whose paternal kindness I am indebted for many of the facts about prices, &c., noticed in these pages. “ A practice, alike detrimental to the appearance and the value of prints,

formerly prevailed of cutting off the margins close to the plate mark, and even to the border line. Mr. Joseph Gulston, and Dr. Fothergill, collectors of the latter part of the last century, were famous for this bad taste, the latter gentleman substituting an ugly coloured border, the black line of which generally extended into and stained the print itself. Notwithstanding which, we frequently saw, until recently, portraits noticed in catalogues as from the 'Gulston' or 'Fothergill' collection, as a recommendation. The latter are now, however, but seldom seen, as the dealers (and collectors) removed the borders as an eyesore. How different and much improved is the taste of the present day, when the least bit of original margin beyond the plate mark of the engraving will enhance its value in the eyes of the connoisseur twofold, aye, in some cases tenfold, where it occurs in its full extent, as when the plate was first printed. This, however, rarely happens, and I should not recommend the collector to reject a *rare* print even without any margin, if otherwise in good condition and fine in impression, as a more perfect one may not perhaps occur in a life time."

I don't understand it, and never could! In the British Museum a capital practice has been adopted

of placing valuable engravings under white 'mounts' which cover up the margin of the print, nearly to the plate mark, and keep the impression from being rubbed in the folio. I *prefer* a print so framed to seeing—the delight of the connoisseur—a 'rough' margin or even an inch of yellowish paper beyond the engraving. There is no doubt, however, that the commercial value of the print is increased by a 'margin' to it, and I must therefore echo the cry to those who do not wish to lose their money,—don't *cut* your prints!

I may add to this:—Look out for bargains!

Though we often have paragraphs in the newspapers about wonderful discoveries of spade guineas and old coins in chests and bureaux, sold by auction, yet it is not at all uncommon to hear complaints that the times for picking up bargains are gone by. I could disprove this, if I were allowed, by some private experiences, but there are many instances known publicly that would sufficiently show, that, even if chance were unpropitious, knowledge will obtain that which ignorance will lose. Take, for instance, many of the articles in the Bernal collection, which, selling for many guineas, had not cost, a year or two before, as many shillings. This was

partly owing, but only in part, to the additional value the goods had acquired from obtaining the guarantee of taste and genuineness which so eminent a collector would impress on them from their having been known to be his. But every printseller, bookseller, or 'virtuoso,' could tell many a tale of bargains purchased in country sales, or even in well-attended town sales, to be retailed at a profit of hundreds per cent! Some of these stories are worth recording. Mr. Woodburn, the printseller of St. Martin's Lane, among many bargains, once bought a couple of rare prints in black frames with dirty glasses, for a few pence. The prints were very rare portraits, and therefore the purchase was a capital investment; but upon taking out the backboards it was found there had been placed, between the board and the print, three or four other equally old and rare portraits, to keep the first well pressed against the glass.

In the beginning of this chapter I have detailed an interesting anecdote, communicated by Mr. Dom. Colnaghi, regarding the Delabere copy of the *Bazilogia*. To the kindness of the same gentleman I am indebted for a no less interesting fact regarding another copy of the work which fell into his hands.

About the year 1827, his father, being in Paris, bought on the Boulevards, from an "*Etalleur*," a volume of English Portraits for *thirty francs*. He immediately sent it over to his son Mr. Dominic, who, on shewing it to a friend of his, an eminent book-seller, was rather surprised and mortified to find that it exactly corresponded with a list the latter had formerly taken of the contents of the *Baziliōlogia* in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* at Paris! Not wishing, under the circumstances, to keep the book, Mr. Colnaghi consulted the late Lord Dover, and Mr. Thomas Grenville—the latter of whom however would willingly have given 300 guineas for it—and the book was eventually returned. The Librarian, after a great deal of difficulty, acknowledged that the book had been lent to a "Great Personage," whose servant had stolen it. At a subsequent period Mr. C. was presented with a silver medal, bearing the portrait of King Louis Philippe, and on the obverse this inscription:—"M. Colnaghi. La Bibliothèque Royale reconnaissante de son désinteressement. 1836." This copy consisted of 99 portraits, including many foreign personages by Elstracke and others.

There is a rare book (which I ought to have mentioned, together with another called "England's

Champions," containing eighteen portraits of the Parliamentary generals, as among the earliest series of portraits published in England), entitled "England's Worthies," illustrated with sixteen portraits, some very rare, by Hollar. Mr. Brand, the collector, bought a copy at Newbury, in 1786, for eighteen pence, the book being worth about £30. ! The fine portrait of Bulstrode Whitelock, by Faithorne, was engraved for a volume of Latin poems complimentary to him, a fact not generally known, so that a bookseller was allowed to purchase the book at a public sale for a few shillings, though he sold it afterwards for £25. Caulfield bought a rare Tract of the Genealogies of the Stuarts, containing portraits of Charles I. &c., for £13. He says, "three of the portraits were pasted down, which, on soaking off in hot water, I found to differ materially from those I discovered under, as the ornaments of the head-dress were entirely changed. These three I sold to Mr. Sutherland as variations to those he had before, for seven guineas and a-half; and the book to a bookseller for 15 guineas,"—thus doubling his investment in a few days. But Caulfield's fortunate investment in this book was as nothing when compared to an adventure with reference to

another copy, which befel Mr. Brand. This gentleman in passing through Bell Yard, Temple Bar, saw a dirty child "eating a piece of bread and butter, who had one of these pamphlets in its hand rather soiled. He enquired of the child its residence, which he found to be in a cellar, and on questioning the mother why she suffered the child to destroy the book, she said it was of no use, and he might have it if he would give the child sixpence; but upon his giving a shilling, the woman observed, 'the gentleman might as well have a clean one,' and to his astonishment produced a copy in the finest preservation. He had no difficulty in making terms for both, and there is no doubt rewarded the proprietor in a manner far above her expectations."* I was present a short time ago when a clergyman, a most worthy and liberal man, preparing his father's library for sale, found between the leaves of one of the books a ten pound note, which he supposed had been taken by his father to pay some account, and placed in the book on his being called away on some business, and so forgotten. By the merest chance it escaped going to the bookseller, to be perhaps forwarded, unob-

* *Calcographiana*, p. 78.

served, to some customer ! A rare print, unknown to Granger or Bromley, of Margaret Smith, by Marshall, was discovered much in the same way by Dr. Gosset. He was examining a copy of a Latin Dictionary at Stewart's Auction Room, in Piccadilly, when he found two leaves fastened together so firmly as gave him some trouble to separate them. Between them was placed a bank note for £50 and this print of Margaret Smith. He communicated the fact to the auctioneer. The print was put up and sold to Mr. Lloyd for £25 ! The £50 reverted to Mr Brand's family, at whose sale this discovery was made (see how the fortune of Mr. Brand, himself so fortunate in some things, was overlooked by himself !) and it is pleasing to state that the book, valued at seven guineas, was presented by the executors to Dr. Gosset. Many other instances might be added to these few fortunate occurrences, but I shall only mention here that given by Caulfield at some length, of the purchase of a lot of old prints by the late Mr. Colnaghi, for £40, which he sold in the course of one month for more than £800 !

I am afraid the taste for 'collecting' portraits and engravings in England was derived with other fashions, though this has been perhaps the most dur-

able, from France. As early as 1650 a M. St. Clerc had formed a large collection of etchings and engravings in Paris, and about the same time the Abbé de Marolles, in his "Memoires," 1644, says he had gathered together between 70,000 and 80,000 engravings, preferring them to paintings, "not only for that they are more proportionable to my purse, but because they better become our Libraries." These prints were sold to the French King, and afterwards formed the nucleus of the fine and extensive public collection, now known as part of the Bibliothèque Imperiale. But perhaps the largest private collection of prints formed in France was that known as the "Cabinet Paignon-Dijonval." This eventually came to England, being bought by Mr. Samuel Woodburn, *en bloc*, for about £4000, and sold by him, piecemeal for, probably, as much as £10,000. A catalogue was published by M. Benard, and from this it would appear that the whole collection contained nearly 100,000 prints and drawings, the latter numbering 5000. Among the drawings was one by Raffaelle of St. Cecilia. This was sold three times over to different amateurs, each giving £500 for it, but eventually at the King of Holland's sale, in 1850, it only realized about £60.

Mr. Woodburn has been mentioned several times in these pages, and from the extent of his business, his intimate acquaintance with prints and drawings,—what Richardson called ‘the Knowledge of Hands’ and ‘the Science of a Connoisseur’—and his gentle-
manly manners, he may be considered the Prince of Printsellers. I allude here more particularly to Mr. Samuel Woodburn, for there were four brothers originally in the business, though in different branches. This gentleman, who died in 1853, recalls the subject of ‘Printsellers,’ and they deserve more than the slight notice I can give them, particularly those of the present day of whom of course I must not speak. The earliest printsellers in England of repute were, Robert and Sir William Peake, Sudbury and Humble, Compton Holland, and Peter Stent. Many engravers were their own printsellers, and occasionally sold the works of others, as W. Fairthorne, White, Lombart, Du Bosc, Dorigny, McArdell, John Smith, &c. but there were also some whose business was almost solely to sell engravings, as those first mentioned, and others, as Baker, near the Royal Exchange; John Bowles at the Black Horse in Cornhill, and later, of St. Paul’s Church Yard; Edward Cooper, Bedford Street, Covent Garden; Robt.

Sayer, at the Golden Buck, Fleet Street, opposite Fetter Lane ; and reaching almost to our own time, another Prince of Printellers, Alderman John Boydell of Cheapside. To enumerate only a select portion of their finest publications would demand a goodly sized volume, and I can only say here that such a volume treated as a Catalogue-raisonné would be a welcome addition to the literature of art, and any publisher willing to make a pecuniary sacrifice by engaging some ' eminent hand' on such a book, would (perhaps) receive—the thanks of the print collector !

Conclusion.

DON'T care for Portraits,' is not an uncommon exclamation, and would be heard more frequently if people were more in the habit of expressing their thoughts instead of pretending to admire those things for which they care not. A portrait *is* an uninteresting object unless we have some information respecting the person represented, but then, if we are interested in the subject, how absorbing is that 'picture of the life'—the literal 'biography'—we see before us! "Painting," says Richardson, "gives us not only the persons, but the characters of great men. The air of the head, and the mien in general, give strong indication of the mind, and illustrate what the historian says more expressly and particularly. Let a man read a character in my Lord Clarendon, (and certainly never was there a better painter in that kind,) he will find it improved by seeing a picture

of the same person by Vandyke." This writer and painter, and in both ways he was an honest and ingenious man, and deserves a more popular recognition of his merits than he has yet received, has many other pertinent remarks on this subject, which it is not necessary for me to extract, since I only desire here to excuse myself for writing on a subject which some may imagine ought to be treated in a very learned and serious manner. Knowing that portraits are uninteresting to many, and having experienced that truth myself, as we all must have done, I thought I could help to show how interesting they may become; and seeing that exhibitions of pictures of celebrated men and women had been of late frequent, culminating in the great Portrait Exhibition now about to open, I was led to believe that a few words about engraved copies of such pictures by which they are brought home to 'men's business and bosoms' would not be unacceptable to those who gave a thought to the subject. To give simply a list of engravings, prices, &c. would be to write a Catalogue, or unreadable book, but by various information and anecdotes, and in a gossiping way to suggest different matters in connection with portraits, would, I thought, prove

amusing and interesting, and lead to a more general and genial love for what I myself find a pleasant occupation, the collecting of engraved portraits. Hence the origin of what I have called "Gossip about Portraits." When I saw how often I was led away into pleasant bye-paths of art and literature, I was strongly tempted to alter the title to 'Gossip *round-about* Portraits,' but having Mrs. Malaprop's fear of 'caparisons' which I was sure would not 'at all become me,' I desisted, and put up with the weaker title. I fear I may have proved but a poor advocate for a neglected pursuit, particularly in showing how rare and expensive are many such portraits. But it is not at all necessary to have these rare and expensive prints in order to form a pleasing, interesting, and instructive collection. I say instructive, because the desire to know more about a person whose portrait we have just added to our portfolio, leads us to books of various kinds, and introduces us to a great deal of knowledge suggested by that which we principally seek. The rich man may indulge in the luxuries of proofs and large margins, but the poor man may be content and happy with fair impressions of portraits of a great number of persons at very little cost. I hope we may shortly

have a public gallery of engraved portraits neatly framed, well arranged, and briefly annotated ; not hidden in Great George Street, but well placed and well-lighted, for the information of the general public, and for the guidance of, perhaps, a large number who may form their own collections. Having indicated this desirable object, I shall be proud and pleased if, as a humble pioneer, I shall be found to have assisted towards its attainment.





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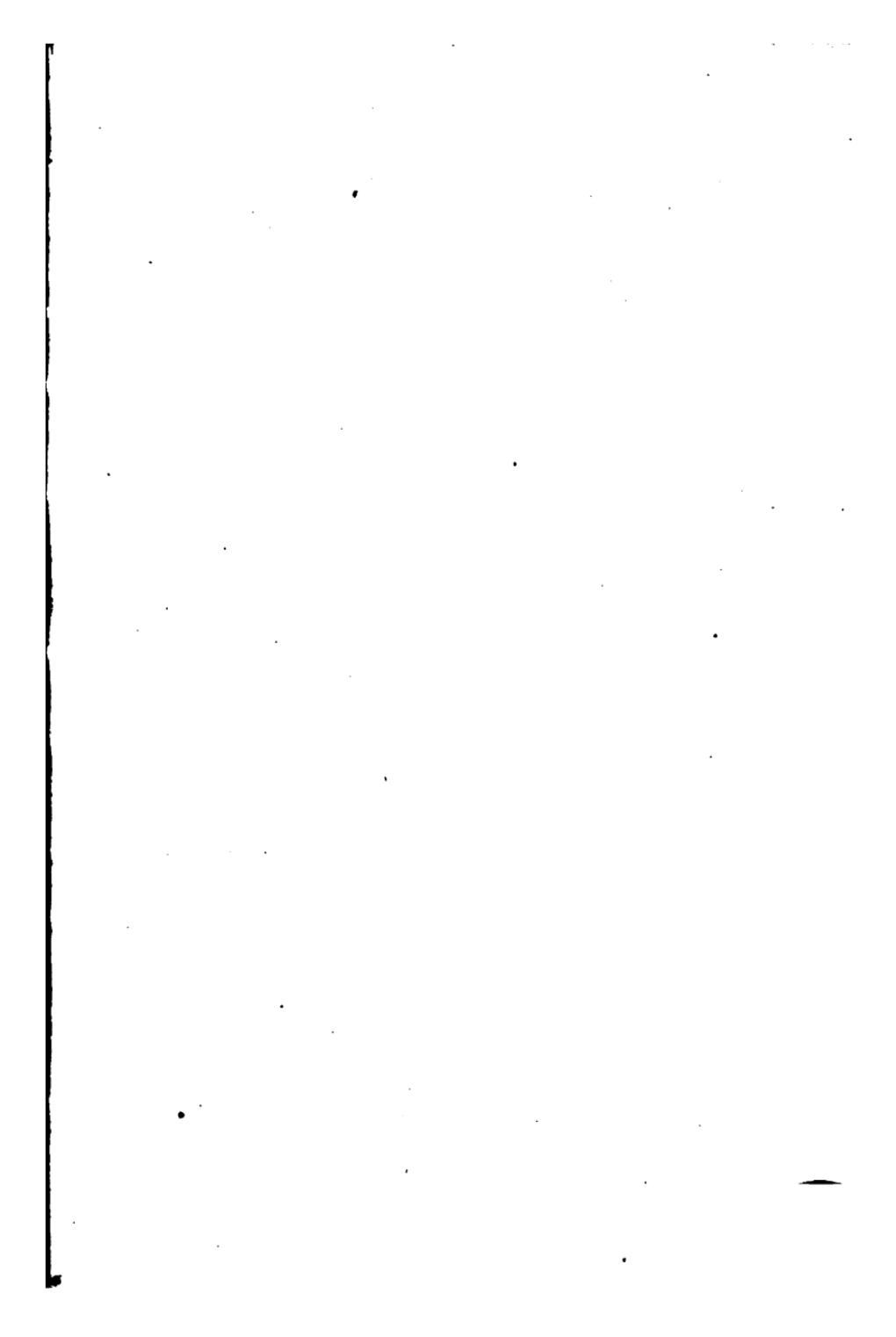
[In the National Portrait Exhi-
bition, opened since the above
notice was written, is a por-
trait of Sir H. Wyatt, with
his Cat, No. 133, from the
collection of the Earl of Rom-
ney.]

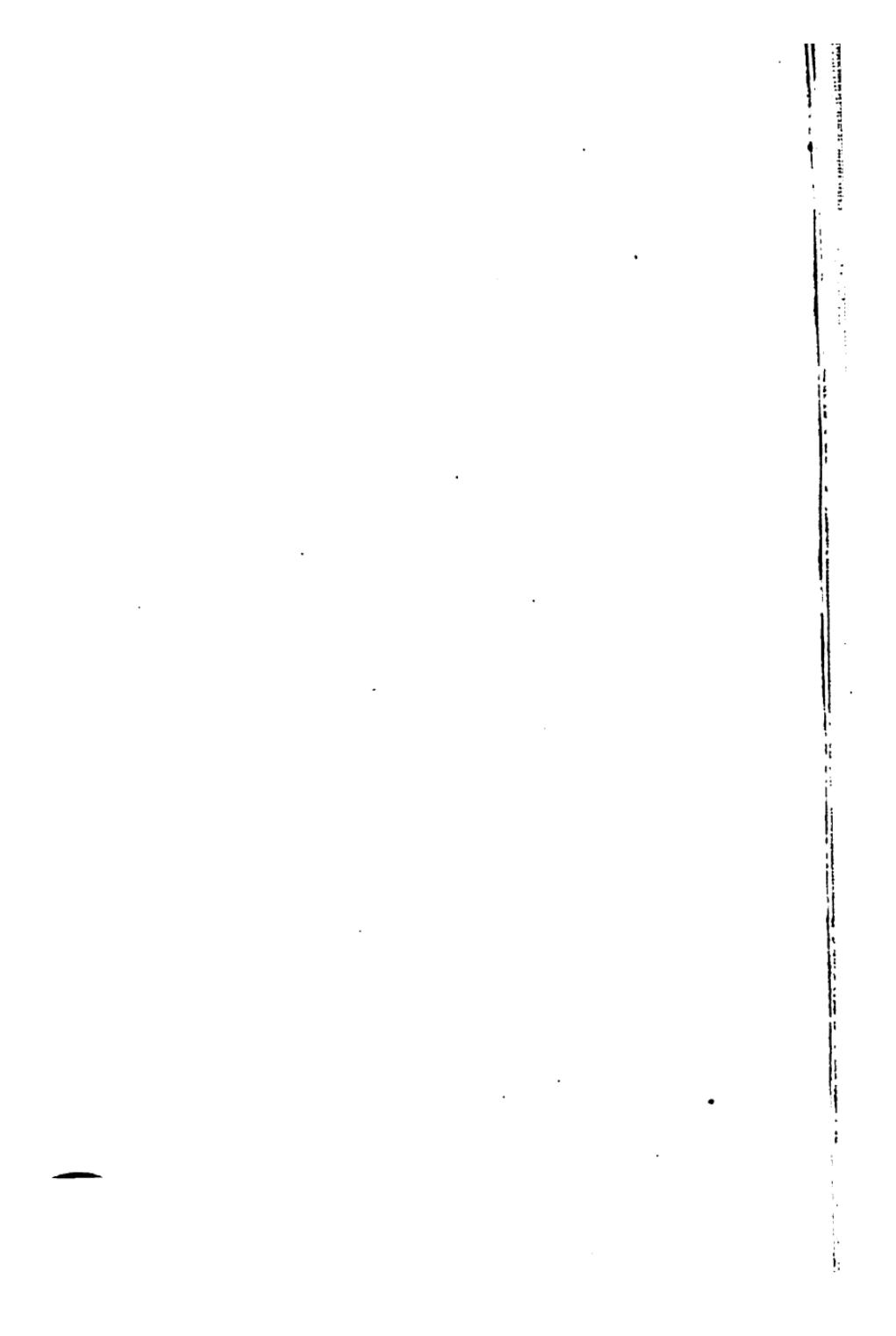


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